

DIVINITY

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OUR BUSINESS IS YOUR PLEASURE

Divine Press

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Inside Front: Tight Situation
Back: Madonna in SEX

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SERMON NUMBER FOUR SIZE DOESN'T MATTER

by David Flint

Welcome, psycho-slaves of the New Underground.

This is the final edition of the first volume of *DIVINITY*, and so gives us the opportunity to reflect on our "glorious" past for a moment, before looking forward to the future.

When I first conceived this magazine, I had various hopes and dreams. Some have been fulfilled, others remain goals to strive for. However, it's been gratifying to have people appreciate what we're trying to do, and offer encouragement. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank all those people who have worked beyond the call of duty on *DIVINITY*, because they believe in what the magazine stands for and want it to be a success. Thanks, boys and girls - you'll reap your rewards in Heaven, no doubt...

The future is looking exciting, not only for Divine Press, but for the whole sub-cultural world. Things are finally beginning to change in society, it seems. In the last editorial, I discussed the controversy surrounding the "sex education" videos. Alongside these are sex education books, using the same previously forbidden imagery, gay erotica, *DEEP THROAT* playing the Scala, and an upsurge of interest in all things sexual and sordid. While this has inevitably led to a degree of "coffee table SM" (as one person described it), it's also forcing the genuinely transgressive from their unwelcome moral shackles. This can only be good.

As for Divine Press...this year looks to be particularly exciting. This spring sees the publication of our first piece of fiction - a collection of explicit erotic SM written by Deborah Ryder - as a luxury edition. And that's only the beginning. We intend to publish more novels, both modern and vintage. There's also the possibility of a *DIVINITY* tour later in the year, featuring the best new independent short films in Europe. My finger-burning experiences with the Festival of Fantastic Films (which turned into a fiasco very quickly through no fault of my own) has taught me to be cautious about saying too much, but if it comes off, you'll be the first to know.

There are various other plans under discussion for events and activities during 1993, which must remain under wraps for now. If only a few of these come off, the year should be a cultural twelve months to relish!

The more observant amongst you will have no doubt noticed that the editorial in this issue is somewhat shorter than previously. This isn't due to my oft-expressed reluctance to write these aimlessly waffling intros, but simply in order to bring you, the reader, more in the way of actual content. Not only do you get more pages, but goddammit, we're cramming more into them. Such value for money in times of recession - how do we do it?

CORRESPONDENCE

Readers write...and readers wrong

Here we go into another bunch of crazed nonsense from readers. Remember, always enclose an SAE or similar if you want a personal reply, and have patience. All letters received will be considered for publication unless you clearly state otherwise.

I think *DIVINITY* and its like are going to gain in popularity due to the boredom of modern society. People are turning to deviant interests. Things must be going downhill, a tattoo shop has just opened here in my boring slummy town of Blandford. Nine months ago some bright spark thought it would brighten up the town centre by painting pictures on the boarded up shops. We've now got a town centre with Santa Claus bearing gifts, and various other festive scenes. It was pretty surreal in the middle of Summer. Probably the town council's idea. Being a smallish rural type town, most of the town council members are farmers and the like. Not too much upstairs. Can't think ahead more than a couple of weeks.

Paul Kevern, Dorset

Thanks very much for the *DIVINITY* show at Manchester. Can't say I actually understood all that was shown but was grateful for the opportunity to see such stuff in the first place. Was particularly pleased to see *BAD* as it's a film I'd been wanting to see for ages.

Ian Foster
Uttoxeter

*Thanks to everyone who turned up at the Film Festival and told me that you enjoyed the films. As you may have realised, the event was a bit of a nightmare for me...having my start time constantly pushed back, having to supply my own VCR and getting the impression that the organisers felt me to be necessary evil that they didn't much approve of pretty much made it worthless exercise as far as *DIVINITY* was concerned. Any plans for introductions or general atmospherics were scrapped. After participating in the 2nd Festival in 1991, I'd been promised certain improvements in organisation and facilities when I agreed to take part the next year. In fact, things turned out to be even worse. I still support the idea of the Festival,*

but unless I am allowed more input and given more co-operation, I doubt very much if you will see me at the 1993 event. If that concerns you, write to the Festival organisers, not me. I did my best.

I thought Mr Lake's article on sex with animals was a little condescending; the most cursory glance at surveys of sexual habits (*FORUM* and Nancy Friday) show that lots of people hanker after this kind of thing! Why do you thing the female genitalia are so often called "PUSSIES"?
Chris Walton
Co. Durham

Just read the Tim Greaves article (*FROM MISTRAL WITH LOVE*) and agreed with his sentiments. Bobbie had quite an influence on me as a young hormonal and spotty wretch. But does anyone remember the other late Seventies/early Eighties British porno flick label, "Taboo"?

Whereas *Mistral* was softcore titillation with gorgeous models and filmed in some degree of watchable 8mm, *Taboo* was video based and totally hardcore! The girls were usually very young looking, often sexually inexperienced, which was obvious winking some of them attempting sexual hi-jinks and the resultant partial successes. Titles in the series included *OHI SIR*, *JUVENILE SEX*, *JOLLY HOCKY STICKS*, *NAUGHTY GIRLS* and several others. Are these the only true British hardcore porn ever produced? Does anyone also remember and covet these titles as I do?

Tim Buggie
Aberdeen

Yep, I remember the Taboo films, though I'd question a couple of your assertions. Firstly, they were shot - and originally sold - on film, not video. Secondly, did you really think those girls looked young? Good God...never have I seen such a blatantly over-age bunch of "teenagers" in my life. Still, an article on these porno pioneers (who were certainly not unique as British producers - a fact we'll be examining in a future edition) seems to be in order - and who better than your good self to write it?

Loved your recent article on Joel-Peter Witkin. I've always found his beautiful

books prohibitively expensive; likewise Geiger's. By the way, are you in close communication with the Scala? I guess you are, very; but if you don't already, I suggest you award them a gift subscription for being the cinema most likely to show your most loved films.

As others have remarked, I think you're doing well on moving away from replicating stereotypical pornographic images of women. Perhaps a little more (male) homocore content would improve matters here further.

Kian de la Cour
London

Anonymous suggestion dept....

Some suggestions - erotic facets of mainstream culture which receive little acknowledgement:

The voyeuristic element in athletics (and even ice dance) i.e. the impractical and clinging nature of today's sprinters' leotards, ice dance costumes etc. More well developed ladies buttocks are calmly presented by the BBC than many an "under counter" magazine. Someone should point out the contradiction there.

Likewise underwear - a staple of Fifties and Sixties magazines, now an over the counter item. The bizarre thing is that young women in minimal underwear are commonplace and boring, and found in every publication, however it is *mature* women who buy the extreme, complicated and elaborate corsetry etc which practically amounts to bondage an assignment for an enterprising photographer there, I fancy.

Other points: Japanese magazines - not just the crazy bondage videos you have featured - reflect a surprising number of *British* preoccupations, including schoolgirls, up-themini-skirt, voyeurism, uniforms, wet T-shirts/wet clothing, etc etc. Because of their ban on pubic hair, I imagine you could reproduce practically any Jap illustration, even from the back numbers (*eh??...Ed*). A lot of Jap mainstream movies are practically bizarre counter-culture items in themselves - check out *CRAZY FAMILY* as just one example.

Hope you don't mind receiving suggestions. Keep up the good work.

Anon

How could we object to such mind-bogglingly ludicrous ideas? Do people really jerk off watching GRANDSTAND? Boy oh boy...still, if any current or wannabe DIVINITY contributors fancy wrapping their cerebral muscles around such matters, you can do so safe in the knowledge that there's an audience out there!

I seem to remember hearing the "Sex For Breakfast" flexi from LISTEN WITH RUSTLER some years back, full of references to "sausages" and the like, but this could be some sort of bizarre dream. I also remember they didn't last very long, so you'd have to gallop your maggot pretty fucking quickly if you wanted to get off on it.

Also, I'm interested to know if you have any comment on the BIZARRE DWARVES video and magazine currently on sale in your local video emporium and mail order. Rip off or what?

Bing
Tyne & Wear

Sheesh...I'm sure it is a rip off, but don't let me stop you.

I spent six months working in New York, which was to be a bit of an eye-opener.

The revelation has to be the mainstream TV channels. Most forms of violence seem to be OK at any old time of day or night, but not a nipple before midnight (if ever). So on Saturday afternoons we got FRIDAY 13th, HALLOWEEN, and most ludicrously of all, AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON. I watched the latter just to see what they would do with the final (crucial) scenes in the porno cinema. I have never seen so many black squares wandering around on a film set. Very funny.

The variety of films available in the average 42nd Street store (or on rental at most places outside 42nd Street) was astonishing. Pissing, shitting, very strong SM (though not quite up to Italian standards). Plus all the old "banned" movie favourites, and even new stuff such as NEKROMANTIK.

But it seems that they haven't reached the bestiality stages yet, unlike Italy. Down there in February/March seeing some friends, I stopped off in the San Marino area on the way back, and popping by a local street paper/video seller to get the latest FINANCIAL TIMES (got to have standards you know), what catches my eye but Bestiality Magazines. Astonishing. They have had shitting, pissing etc videos/mags on sale in the street for years, and the strongest/most sickening SM (leave out the Sado bit on reflection) for most of the Eighties, but bestiality on the street!! Out of research (honest!), I purchased a copy, and the combos were two girls/pony and most interesting a whole group male/female session with some dog, which was shot out-doors in some field in England. Perhaps customs should start checking

films going out, not coming in!
Nigel Guest
London

Regarding Paul Condon's letter about "Hakim Bey" (really Peter L. Wilson): he never did have a magazine out called KAOS; that was a London based mag, edited by Joel Biroco from 1986/1989, which folded after eleven issues. The first five (actually numbered #'s three - seven...there was no # one and two; confusing, eh?) featured an instalment reprinting of Hakim Bey's book of essays, CHAOS: THE BROADSHEETS OF ONTOLOGICAL ANARCHISM (now reprinted in T.A.Z., Autonomedia Books 1991). Mr Condon, who seems to have a bit of a liking for "Bey" will perhaps be disappointed to learn that he would indeed include DIVINITY and its readers in his derisive attack on the "sleaze-culture" community, if his response to letters of mine in KAOS #'s nine and ten are anything to go by...and I think they are! The debate was about De Sade and SM culture, if I remember correctly, and "Bey" was more than dismissive, he was *attacking!* This, coupled with his tirade about Adam Parley who used "Bey"'s KALI YUGA and CHAOS THEORY in APOCALYPSE CULTURE, about which "Bey" wrote to Biroco that he was disgusted to see an essay he had authored collected along with "Nazi death-worshipping shit", leaves me in no doubt that "Bey" has no interest in, or sympathy with, views and subject matter covered by DIVINITY and similar publications, and would probably be in agreement with the "Sheffield A.O.A." (by the way, I live near Sheffield. Where are these people?).

Stephen Sennitt
South Yorkshire

I suppose this "debate" will drag on forever. It's all very fascinating, but at the end of the day, I don't honestly give a toss what "Hakim Bey" thinks, because he sounds like a complete wanker. Still, each to their own. As for the "Sheffield A.O.A." - whereabouts, I can't say...but they're certainly not from Sheffield...

NEW GAY CINEMA

Two recently released films examined by **David Flint**

Until recently, there has been little gay material on video, other than a handful of feature films dealing with gay subject matters, and the odd art film (such as Derek Jarman's **SEBASTIANE**). 1992 saw a revolution in gay video in the UK, starting off with the educational **GAY MAN'S GUIDE TO SAFE SEX**, and continuing with assorted raunchy video magazines, striptease tapes and gay feature films. Two of the latter are **SWOON** and **NO SKIN OFF MY ASS**. These two films are easy to throw together (and indeed, we're just as guilty as anyone in doing so), because they're both black and white movies made by gay men about gay subjects. But there the similarity ends. These two films are as far apart as you could imagine in terms of style, intent and effect.

SWOON is the first "current" release to appear on the BFI's Connoisseur Video label – in fact, it made its video debut a week before it opened theatrically. This first feature from director Tom Kalin retells the story of Leopold and Loeb, two Jewish homosexuals who's relationship was based on sexual favours being granted in exchange for crimes being committed. This cycle of crime – tied in with Loeb's Nietzschean dreams of becoming a master criminal – culminates in them murdering a small boy. The film examines the build up to this crime, its eventual detection, and the subsequent experiences of the two protagonists in prison. This is done through a series of deliberately melodramatic scenes mixed with documentary footage and expressionistic moments, which serve to heighten the mythology of the story and the truth.

It may seem strange for a gay film-maker to be tackling a story that is every Sunday tabloid hack's dream come true – gay thrill killers murder a child for kicks. But it's precisely this grotesque image that is regularly presented of homosexuals that provides the film's driving force. Kalin was inspired to make **SWOON** because the two other movies based on the story – **COMPULSION** (1957) and **ROPE** (1948) – had done little to alter the suggestion that the crimes were a result of the pair's "inversion". Amazing as it might sound today, they escaped the death sentence after their defence lawyer convinced the judge that their homosexuality was proof of psychopathic insanity. **SWOON** sets out to show the stupidity of such a claim – as Kalin

argues, "had a man and a woman committed this crime, society would have been hard pressed to extract an argument against heterosexuality from the murder's motivation".

The problem with **SWOON** is that it is too clever for its own good. Whilst never less than interesting, the film has no real soul to it. The characters are little more than cardboard cut-outs, and Kalin seems more concerned with new technical tricks than telling a story coherently. For this reason, the film is ultimately dissatisfying, despite all its good intentions and intriguing ideas. It's a stylish affair, but it leaves you wanting more.

Interestingly, although sex is **SWOON**'s main motivation (at least, the main reason for the crimes to happen), Kalin only allows us one sex scene in the film, and then keeps the protagonists in their longjohns. Such coyness isn't to be found in Bruce LaBruce's **NO SKIN OFF MY ASS**, which is defiantly Queer As Fuck, and proud of it.



Like a modern-day Sixties underground film, **NO SKIN...** is shot in shakily hand-held monochrome, and crosses from being art to porn and back again, without any regard for who it might offend on the way. Based on Robert Altman's **THAT COLD DAY IN THE PARK**, the film tells of a hairdresser's fascination with a skinhead he

picks up, and his attempts to keep him captive. The joke here is obvious – a hairdresser in love with a skinhead, and his attempts to make sense of it.

I remember LaBruce from his days writing for Canadian sleaze fanzine **TRASH COMPACTOR**, and his film has the same sentiments that fuel much cult/underground/sleaze cinema. Here, he turns an image of fascism into a fetish object (notably, more and more gay men are adopting the skinhead look recently). The camera positively licks at the skinhead's torso, and he's kept in states of undress for as long as possible. The sex is frequent and explicit. The original print had hard-core sex scenes but these have – of course – been excised from the UK video version. Gone are erections, cum shots and blow jobs (alongside a Carpenters song, which had to be removed for copyright reasons). That said, the sex remains pretty strong and steamy.

While **NO SKIN OFF MY ASS** would no claim to be as serious or as significant as **SWOON**, it's a far more satisfying affair. It's tacky in the best sense of the word, it's crudeness giving it an air of innocent naughtiness that is missing from much sex video these days.

In Canada, Toronto's Morality Squad seized the negative of the film, and charged it with violation of three laws covering film: "bondage", "nudity with violence" (a black braided woman pushing the naked skinhead off a couch with her foot) and strangest of all, "sucking of toes"! Apparently, in Canada, you can show the licking of feet (not to mention the sucking of erect penises), but toe-sucking is a strict no-no. And you thought UK laws were bizarre...

The release of these films, and others (often from new gay video distributors) should be applauded by everyone, regardless of their personal sexuality. Their appearance strikes another blow for freedom of sexual expression...and means that many previously unseen cult films might finally be made available.

Both films can be found in most progressive retail outlets. **NO SKIN OFF MY ASS** can also be bought mail order from **OUT ON A LIMB**, Battersea Studios, Television Centre, Thackery Road, London SW8 3TW, priced £14.99 plus postage (£1.95 for the first tape and £1.00 for each subsequent tape).

THE SEX REPORT

Cherry Maraschino *has a taste of Madonna...*



Unless you've spent the last six months living in an extremely secluded cave, you'll doubtless be aware that Madonna has a new book out called *SEX*. The first run of the book sold out almost as soon as it hit the shelves, and found itself the subject of intense media hype and public debate.

The press, after teasing and tempting their readers with stories about this forthcoming volume, then attacked Madonna for being "publicity-hungry" – though they themselves had instigated and perpetuated this orgy of free promotion. On Channel Four, some insignificant twerp had the nerve to claim that the book was a waste of time because Madonna had saggy tits and was too old and ugly! Well, look in the mirror, sonny...

Feminists seemed unsure about what to make of it. Many who are stuck in that "anti-sex" mentality of the Eighties saw it as yet another betrayal from a Sister (life must be so confusing for these fading bigots these days!). One sneered that if Madonna was serious about trying to sexually educate people, she would have published a £4.00 paperback rather than a £25.00 hardback – which, if nothing else, shows how completely out of touch with reality these people are. Writers for the *NME* (does anybody still read that?) condemned the book's rape fantasies, claiming that they encouraged sexual violence. Morality groups in America were wheeled onto TV to protest that Madonna was showing Sado-Masochistic sex as being both normal and acceptable. Shock horror! Teenage girls were shown on TV in Britain commenting that they no longer liked Madonna because she was "a slag". And a faceless Tory MP made his bid for fifteen minutes of media stardom by demanding the book be banned and branding Madonna a "sick pervert". As a Tory MP, he should know, I suppose...

All this fuss did nothing to dampen sales, of course, but it did rather obscure the qualities of the book itself. And once all the hysteria has died down, that's what we're left with.

For my part, I consider *SEX* to be the most important piece of erotic publishing of 1992...perhaps of the decade. Not only because of its content, but because of who it is who has produced it. Madonna isn't some elite photographer like Mapplethorpe whose work remains anonymous to the majority of the population; nor is she some sleazy porno publisher churning out top shelf wank fodder for the boys. Instead, she's one of the world's most powerful women and a household name. For her to produce a book like this is important,

because she isn't preaching to the converted...quite the opposite, in fact. *SEX* has been bought by people who have no knowledge of the erotic. It therefore becomes an important teaching tool.

The presentation of the book is quite marvellous, and serves to both convince you that it is something truly special and to heighten your anticipation of the delights to come. Once inside the sealed foil wrapper, and putting the free CD of *EROTIC* aside, you can savour the book itself – a large format, ring-bound affair with silver metal covers.

The story – yes, there is one – that holds things together concerns Dita (Madonna's fictional alter-ego) and her romantic entanglement with Johnny, as told through a series of letters. Intercut with this are various erotic stories and sexual philosophies. Although these are stated in the introduction to be entirely fictional, many seem more than a little autobiographical. And of course, there are the photographs, taken by fashion photographer Steven Meisel.

To be honest, the photos are not particularly good in themselves. They're technically proficient, but they have no adventure in them. What makes them erotic art is the content. Here, Madonna finally unleashes the burning sexuality that has been simmering away for years. There are some incredible shots; a stunning piece of foot worship with a bald guy licking the fishnet-stockinged leg of an unseen whip-wielder...Madonna sinking her teeth into a man's inner buttock...Madonna naked above a mirror, her hand between her legs...the list is endless.

The scenes often feature "celebrity guests" – there's Udo Kier, that icon of the sleazy art film, romping with a group of naked men; Naomi Campbell enjoying the lesbian attentions of Madonna; Isabella Rossellini doing the same; has-been rapper Vanilla Ice features in the notorious "topless hitch-hiking" section (which is one of the less effective parts of the book). But this is very much Madonna's show. She's in full control, exploring every facet of her sexuality in the full glare of the camera. And it's this that has upset so many people. If Madonna had chosen to simply pose nude for *PLAYBOY*, then the fuss would have been minimal. But instead of acting as the outlet for other people's fantasies, she's instead explored her own.

Much was made of the so-called "rape fantasies" shown in the book. In fact, there is only one shot that fits into this category, the others being SM images. This one shot shows Madonna in a basketball court,

having her clothes pulled off by two men. All three are laughing.

The question that must be asked is: is it a rape fantasy at all? As stated, Madonna is laughing in the photograph, not showing signs of fear of horror. Is she being raped, or is she simply being hurriedly undressed by her partners? This shot does not say "rape" to me. It makes me think of consensual, frenzied, slightly rough sex. There is a considerable difference. I do not see this shot in terms of rape imagery at all. Rather, it's a common female fantasy of being taken roughly, violently, but above all, willingly. It's a game, and Madonna's smile reveals it as such.

The SM shots, often taken by ignorant critics as being more sexual violence, are very interesting. I noted with amusement that some reviewers, in their eagerness to dismiss the book, claimed that Madonna had no real understanding of SM ideals (thus implying that they *do*), and that nobody on the scene would take her seriously. Wrong again. Madonna shows a complete understanding of SM costume and ritual – an understanding that comes from experience. And her exploration of this side of her sexual psyche has been both applauded and appreciated by the SM scene.

It's unsurprising that the critics have been so keen to condemn *SEX*. It frightens them. It has a power that softporn magazines can only dream of. And it's women's erotica. The idea that instead of killing of male sexual material, women are creating their own, is terrifying for those groups who seek to control our means of sexual expression. They fear *SEX* because it's the work of a woman who is at home with her sexuality, and in full control of her life. Nobody can cry "exploitation" when looking at this book, because Madonna is in charge. And it is a turn on. Madonna has, by exploring her own fantasies, also plugged into the fantasies of millions of other women. There's plenty here for men too, I'm sure – if only to help them to find out what turns women on. The book is more honest than any other female erotica I've yet to see, and with it's mass-market penetration, offers the opportunity for men to learn something new about female sexuality. For women, it's both a liberating piece of work and a pretty hot piece of bedtime reading, guaranteed to fuel those nocturnal fantasies for many nights to come. Perhaps Madonna really can teach us how to fuck.

HINES OF THE TIMES

Sal Volatile meets a "good hater in a good cause" in a world of virtual venereality...

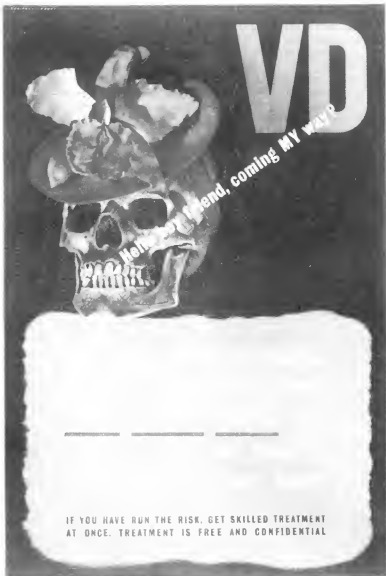
Richard Davenport-Hines is London's celebrated king-toff of sleaze. He's the high-rolling low-lifer who's putting the vim back into the contemporary Soho boho lifestyle at a time when this proud tradition seemed just about to peg out with Jeffrey Bernard's last booze powered death rattles.

Hines' crowning literary achievement to date has been his master study of British sexual attitudes through the ages, **SEX, DEATH AND PUNISHMENT**. It is a book you would do well to love, honour and obey in sickness and health. For if ever a great study of contemporary sexual mores existed at just the right time and place then this is it. Just as the entire AIDS crisis looks set to Big Bang with increasing controversy surrounding the scientific methodology brought to bear on the study of the illness, Hines cuts past the tabloid trash with a style and anger all but dead and buried in British letters. If you thought that attempting serious sexual analysis for - gulp - the greater good of mankind was simply wanking in the wind at the end of the twentieth century, then **SEX, DEATH AND PUNISHMENT** is the book to ram it right up you. For one simple reason...Hines is The Terminator of modern sociohistorical sexology. He walks through wailing walls of research. He pulls fast ones. He bares his guts and shape shifts along with the best of them. He uses unorthodox methods -but he gets results. Like nobody do!

Hines is great on period detail, assailing you with crazy statistics on VD amongst a welter of multiple madnesses. But what he's especially good at is marshalling all his material into one deadly fireball of conclusion that singses past you leaving you hot and bothered long after you've finished the book.

Oh yes, Hines really knows how to get a reader on the ropes. He spits in your eye and then winds you so there's no answering back. "You have been worked over by Richard Davenport-Hines" says the little calling card he flicks onto his prey as you lie bucking and aching for air on the cold canvas of his contention!

You may blush. You may splutter. You may even complain to **THE DAILY TELEGRAPH**. But if **SEX, DEATH**



AND PUNISHMENT doesn't have you lobbing petrol bombs at 10 Downing Street in a fit of heartfelt simmering gall, then bub, you're already a moral quadriplegic and you are fit only for the pot. Hines is going to eat you!

No mistake, this is a tome alone! The infamous chapter on the past, present and future of anal sex ("The Phoenix of Sodom") is revelation enough for any Divine seeker of inspiration. Who else

could have drawn out an entire psycho-sexual milieu from one simple act of private vice? Who else would have confronted at length a subject that even now seems as if it's under complete conceptual lockdown - the last great sullyng taboo before the almighty locomotive of lust hits the black branch lines of bestiality and necrophilia?

SEX, DEATH AND PUNISHMENT is a fast-acting handbook of guerrilla

erudition that grabs us all by the privates of conscience and yanks harder than any other book in years. The carefully constructed story of British moral panic winding along the centuries is what it's all about. No big surprise there. But the unstinting portrait of a society cowering under the whip of such an all-encompassing control mentality is shocking in the extreme. Britisher, so much to answer for!

Assuredly, Hines is the man! Always snazzily dressed. Close cropped. Unguarded and resolutely cheerful with his kinky lisped crust-on-its uppers accent, this is the guy who can write scintillating slag offs of the ghostly Murdoch clan in *THE TATLER* whilst simultaneously turning dainty prose duets with Mandy Rice Davies in the review columns of *THE SUNDAY TIMES* for Chrissakes! Hines has actually done this and lived. Truly masterful.

And nobody beats Hines for moving and shaking all over the top fleshpots of London. Find him whacked and ruthless in Soho's legendary French house; spot him wired and self-promotional at gentlemen's clubs from Covent Garden to Groucho's and then watch him go for gold in London's finest dive bar, Shuttleworth's in Charing Cross Road. London belongs to him, and here he exclusively tips off *DIVINITY* on the dirty realism behind his charmed life and a unique history of sexual repression...

◆

What strange and winding road eventually led you to the exotic heights of professional authorship?

Not being able to stand office life any longer. I worked in The City and then at the London School of economics writing a book about – of all things – drug companies! Appalling. It was a book paid for by the drug companies. It was supposed to be about what a wonderful internal culture they've got and what a wonderful marketing system. All that kind of stuff. It's a *really* bad book. Very over-imaginative and idealistic. And it's coming out in Autumn 1992 after endless legal trouble. It was written ten years ago and I'd been stalling on it hopelessly. It wasn't very good when I'd eventually finished it so when it was all done the company tried to stop it being published. I wasn't very suited to writing the book. I wasted years on it. But then I left the LSE to write about AIDS and HIV. When they

came along it seemed so dreadful and upsetting. I tried to think what I could do to help. I didn't feel I could do much else. So it struck me to write some sort of history about the nature of the background medically of the virus.

At the LSE I'd been on the research staff doing stuff on drug companies so from that I knew a bit about them. Not very much. But it was a complete waste of five years being there. A very pompous, odious place. It was quite phoney really. I'd been living in Australia before that working for the harbour authority as a messenger. It was in a postal centre in Sydney. I adore Australians. I had a wonderful time of it. They used to run the postal service from the building that's now the museum of modern art. It was a stunning place on the waterfront. It was a corrupt bureaucracy too. All run by the mafia!

What about the years previous to Australia?

I had been working at Ealing College teaching courses and also working in the City too. That was in the Seventies. Usual boring desk job. Before that I'd done a PHD on the arms trade. Gun-running in the Balkans before the Second World War. I tracked down this eminent British spymaster who'd played a key part in it all for the British services. I got his name then saw that his address and phone number were actually in the phone book! So I wrote to try and meet and got back this strange letter saying "no". Then I

discovered he was still working for the secret service as their "memory" of the time. He was about eighty-six. Whenever any old story came up they went to him for fact checking. He was an ancient spymaster. It was gloriously naive to have tailed him.

The stuff I ended up teaching after that was "Business Culture" – how to make and run multinationals. I didn't know that much about it but it was all I could get at the time. Dreadful. I needed money somehow.

You've got a classic Oxbridge background. Was there ever any particularly decadent "Brideshead" gadding about when you were at university?

None whatsoever. I genuinely can't remember the period very well. It was extremely monotonous and full of prissy, inexperienced and horrible people. They all claimed to know everything and bored me to death most of the time. Loads and loads of timid people who thought they were all tough. This idea that there's some sort of Oxbridge grouping who get along by Old-Boying furiously is wide of the mark. All the types who were hot and ambitious and going places for the most part all detested each other. They were all very competitive and would do anything to do one another down. All the people I knew there who've got really successful I cannot stand. I'd do anything to fuck them up if I could. And I'm sure it's mutual.



A cure for Syphilis

They're all so bloody transparent. They're all so snotty and think they're born to rule. At least in the Seventies they were all a bit guilty about their privileges. Now they're all cocksure beyond words. It's a really envious place full of nervous, overambitious edgy people.

Was it a time of constant saturnalia?

There was a lot of sex about. I seemed to get involved with a lot of people who were pushovers. Years later I discovered everyone else had pushed them over too! The sexual cross currents went pretty deep. You tended to find that exstudents in later life who'd had partners in common were sentimental and loyal to them over jobs. Sexual networking really. I've got a great friend who's a sleazy novelist. And he's the only person I trust from those years. And that's probably only because I see him once every three years. I remember it all as very priggish and ridiculous. It was certainly much less exciting than school. I went to school in London which was always much more lively than anything that happened to me at university.

You used to work in an AIDS hospice. That experience seems to have moulded SEX, DEATH AND PUNISHMENT in many ways.

I worked only as a volunteer at the London Lighthouse in Ladbroke Grove. It wasn't for that long. I worked in the fundraising section. AIDS was so horrendous and messing up everyone's lives in the early eighties. Still is, but the violent backlash of the time was so homophobic and so exploitative and pleased with itself...I found that backlash so disgusting in the way it hideously exploited very ill people and intruded into their lives that I went to some meetings and it started from there. I used to be quite a bleeding heart but I did this counselling course there and I found that many of the people doing it were working a lot of their own problems out. It was a very good way of also working out of your system a lot of the accumulated shit that had built up in oneself over the years.

It was a "co-counselling" system. How it works is that one person talks and the other listens - it's a sort of "buddying" method. You basically unburden yourself. You become not only more aware of your own feelings but also all the problems and knots that build up in your own life over the course of a lifetime. It makes you learn to listen to other people, to shut up and absorb what the other person is

"I utterly loathe the complete Tory hypocrisy the whole illness has given vent to. This policing of desire business"

saying. You find a lot of people sounding off and shrieking and it had a great effect on me. I was a very smug and privileged character who'd had everything basically. I had so many shallow bleeding heart sympathies which showed up just how consistently and uproariously lucky I've always been. But one thing about me is that I've got a really bad memory for things and I very selectively dump a lot of stuff. Bad habit. Lots of people at the place had additions of one sort or another. Drink or wanking or whatever. It was a wonderful way of getting unbuttoned. Obviously there were lots of really ill people. But the Lighthouse had a very optimistic view of making the best of opportunities. But I did find it very desperate and dismal in the end.

There were a lot of gorgeous attractive people being really ill and dying off. Total waste of life. HIV is such an attack on everything that's enjoyable in life. It's the ultimate in killjoyism. What's most hateful about it is that it kills off people in their prime. But what I keep most importantly trying to show in the book is that it's really another form of class oppression. It's like what the DAILY TELEGRAPH said about AIDS - "oh, this is what you're bound to get if you have things like THE JOY OF SEX encouraging sexual yobbism". I utterly loathe the complete Tory hypocrisy the whole illness has given vent to. This policing of desire business. All these Conservatives are incredibly anxious about the sex lives of poor people. They've been obsessed with interfering with it for centuries. It's not the establishment so much - people like the chief medical officer, the DHSS and so forth. They handled it all rather well I thought. So much of these sort of panics are down to the security services and their lackeys fuelling matters and stirring things up.

What do you think about the recent research that suggests there may be no link between HIV and AIDS?

I don't really believe it. I refereed for a

publisher who brought out the first book that ever raised this issue. But I'm not convinced. I'm suspicious of it. I do think some of these Nobel Prize chasing scientists are very unimpressive. There are real signs of falsification though on the American side of research which is pathetic. I think people have got to go on acting as if there is a link though. Britain was the last country in Europe to introduce BCG tests - those injections on your arm you get as a child. Now those really do prevent disease but the UK doctors' pressure group fought the tests to the last because it threatened their own study areas. You do like get a lot of infighting.

It's the whole enemies-of-joy environment. I didn't draw any conclusions from working in the hospice. I'm not an expert at all. It was all so different with different people. It was always a completely peculiar set of reactions unique to the person involved. I did it for about eighteen months. Lots of other people did vastly more work than I did. There were so many reasons why I had to stop doing it. It became impossible. So many people in this type of work get so involved in it that they actively want it to take over their lives and they want to make a complete commitment to it. All their spare time goes into being involved in the subject. I also had my children and my domestic ties...whereas most of the people who work there are gay men or single. I couldn't combine it with looking after my children.

We've had herpes, rabies, all types of venereal voodoo and all of them cast in their time as being the end of the world. Is there an element of AIDS being created as the next moral panic in a line of similar plague fears?

People do like to get off on these great ideas of apocalypse. I think AIDS will take a lot longer than any of those other afflictions to become controllable. In America, things are dreadful in the cities. In the voluntary care system things used to be - and still are to an extent - really

weighed against AIDS sufferers who use needles. I think it's awful and stupid. Drug users tend to be treated as people who are not worth saving. That's so wicked. There should be a lot more publicity about how to disinfect needles. There were a lot of really ignorant caricature ideas about drugs. Most of the government campaigns were so crass and counter-productive. It's an excuse to stop thinking.

Your book is a model of the way to investigate these sorts of subjects. Getting right to the guts of the stuff. It's got one of the best titles ever! Yet it's quite high minded. Mind you, there isn't much punishment in it.

Well, there are some good plates, some good line drawings. I always think of it now as a rather too grumpy book. I do get a lot of wonderful fan letters out of that book. I lost a lot of them. What especially pleases me is that older gay men write and say "you really got it right describing London as it was then. No one's got it quite like that before." I am going to do another book about sex, much more international though. One thing I hate, just incidentally on the sex thing here, is all the child care manuals of the last thirty years. I think they've fucked people up terribly. Just as one was getting rid of a really middle class suburban view of domesticity, it's been replaced by this view that you have to have this family paragon of domestic bliss for the sake of the children's mental health. If you have children there's incredible pressure on you to act like this. And I want to write a book about sexual disunion in this regard. About negative parenting and sexual dysfunction. I'm going to Bloomington, Indiana where the Kinsey library is. Kinsey used to get young married couples up to the attic of the place and get his one legged chauffeur (who's still alive) to film them in bed. And when they'd finished, Mrs Kinsey would come up with lemonade and ginger biscuits. All these people are now sixty-five and seventy and they're all on file in this great library. The whole town is obsessed with sex and in the local park all the trees have used condoms tied to them. There was a book called **THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF SYPHILIS IN THE UNITED STATES** which served as a model partially for **SEX, DEATH AND PUNISHMENT**.

Tell me about some of your own favourite sleaze books.

You do find that if you spend a lot of time writing about sex and vice (my next book

is **THE PENGUIN BOOK OF VICE**) it has a really bad effect on your sex life – all the straining rumps and so forth. So, I like quietly subversive books at the moment. I like a book called **MY BLUE NOTEBOOKS** by a woman who was an eminent courtesan before the war. She kept these notebooks about her disastrous marriage and she describes lots of affairs with other famous women. She used to buy cocaine for Jean Cocteau when she was an old woman. I quite liked that. I find reading about it less and less satisfying. I think I get so bored with things so quickly which is one of my main problems. I'm not a great joiner of causes. I've no stamina for it. I'm a complete parasite and rip-off merchant. I just take other peoples ideas and store them for my own use. I've stolen loads from Raymond Chandler. I like **ANOTHER SELF** by James Lees Milne who is an old right-wing man who used to run the National Trust. A really crusty and difficult man who writes like an angel. A real practitioner of pansexuality. A lot of his stuff seems really unlikely. Being in love with two or three people at the same time and keeping it all going. It ends with him getting a crossed line in the second world war with a woman. They end up talking and he rings her again days late. Then they ring each other all the time never telling each other their names. They keep in touch every night for years. They agree to meet eventually, then he finds out that her house has been bombed. Not very explicit but very happy-go-lucky. I like his use of deliberately isolated irony. My whole life was changed by reading Oscar Wilde when I was twelve. I used to walk round in theatrical clothes with an amber cigarette holder! He was a big influence. I also like Norman Douglas. A really dirty, dirty old man. I like cheerful, sybaritic crooks. One of my favourite stories is about W.H. Auden. He used to go at midnight to St James and drop coins into the boots of the sentrymen there outside the Palace and then suck them off. Without saying a word. That seems to me to be an absolutely brilliant sexual transaction.

The publishing of your book has a peculiar history doesn't it? Wasn't the original manuscript stolen by some maniac?

Yes it was. The final manuscript had been copyedited and corrected in pencil and had been improved immensely. I'd also written a new chapter on sex in the Sixties which I'd missed as a period because I



Davenport-Hines: "King-Taff al Sleaze"

was too young. I gave the manuscript in on a Friday and the publishers put it away in a cupboard for copying over the weekend. But over the course of the weekend it vanished! Someone stole it. The publishers didn't tell me for months – they were too embarrassed. They advertised for it, they went to the lost property office at Baker St Station. It was dreadful. They were so ashamed, they didn't tell me for... two months I think it was. They thought it was taken by a pervy employee. It must have been an in-house job. I thought it was probably taken by a religious zealot. But they *did* leave the illustrations behind. So it was an act of sabotage against the manuscript only. I think it was deliberately screwed up by someone who disapproved of it. Luckily I had it on word processor, but it wasn't the final version. It had been completely rewritten by a really good editor. So the

"Kinsey used to get married young couples up to the attic of his place and get his one legged chauffeur to film them in bed"

whole thing had to be done again. And it wasn't as good the second time around. They were so guilty in the end that I managed to get them to put in more illustrations than they would have in the first place. They let me get those in as a sort of apology.

How do you research something like your book? The scale's enormous.

Oh, it's a joy. It's like a detective trail. I have a sort of nose for the stuff. I have hunches and I followed them all up. It took two or three years. I started writing it at the end of 1987. It was a revolting book to write. Really, really painful and I'm not normally a neurotic writer at all. It was very horrible. I had several stalls throughout the writing period. I used to go drinking at the French House when I got these blocks. It got quite desperate. Then again, in certain moods I like people who are really really despairing. Finding safety in that sort of despair. It's quite consoling. It can be quite relaxing.

One vital thing about SEX, DEATH AND PUNISHMENT is that it's a really great apologia for concerted analism in modern

sexual relations.

Er, well, I've got certain sections of the book devoted to it. I think people are so dishonest about this. It's just rubbish what people say. I can't believe the orthodox line on it, it's unbelievable. Why heterosexual buggery should be illegal and not homosexual activity is a complete idiocy. I felt like saying something very strong about that. It can't be rationalised. It's just humbug. I actually think that more people used to practice it years ago. I think the incidence of it has gone down a lot. You see, people used to use it as a contraceptive method - they don't have to do that now. People are such fibbers.

Do you think your book is very voyeuristic?

I love voyeurism. It was the centre of so much popular art of the eighteenth century. There ought to be a magazine on voyeurism, don't you think? It's never very satisfactorily done, is it? There should be voyeuristic clubs. There ought to be a contact agency for people who are going to leave their bedroom curtains open so that other people can look. There

should be an underworld that's elaborate and ramified. Lots of opportunities. We should go into business along these lines, Sal. I'm longing to make some money.

But you live in a beautiful four storey, stripped pine house in fashionable West London!

Ha Ha. Er, yes. I'm a literary slag really. A complete slag!!!

♦♦♦

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Richard Davenport-Hines (Fontana
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SHIT SOUP

A rough guide to **Suehiro Maruo** by **Trevor Brown**

Suehiro Maruo is rumoured to have once eaten his own faeces.

A pubescent girl; pony tail tied with ribbon, polka dot skirt, white bobby sock and plastic sandals; inserts...

When I first started writing this in mid 1991, the name of Suehiro Maruo was pretty much unknown in the West despite his...erm...reputation as one of Japan's leading avant garde Manga artists. But with our JAPAN FESTIVAL in the final months of that year, Maruo's porno panorama finally polluted our shores (but only just!) with his inclusion in MANGA an exhibition of Japanese comic art and slim but excellent accompanying catalogue (still available) - one of the few "Low Art" contributions to the festival. Also, viewers who didn't blink during Channel Four's I WANNABE documentary on Nipponese nouveau-yoof might also have glimpsed a couple of panels of his easily identifiable work. More significant is the English translation of Maruo's mini-epic MIDORI IN STRANGE WORLD (published as MR. ARASIII'S AMAZING FREAK SHOW by Blast books, USA) although I've yet to see a copy to verify its existence. The increasing attention finally prompted me to organise my scribbled musings and speckled research into this approximately coherent article/review. I suspect Suehiro Maruo is still an unknown entity to most of you.

...a glass eye into her vagina...

In view of the amount of Western references in his work it is slightly surprising Maruo-san has taken so long to come to our notice. Japan has an unprecedented knack of harbouring astonishing talent (believe me, there are many more formidable artists nurturing there than we've as of yet been given sight of). Manga publishers such as VIZ and STUDIO PROTRUS seem content translating the safe options, giving a one-dimensional impression that all Japanese comics involve kids with paranormal powers or similar cybernetic candy and extraterrestrial excrement. An unfair representation precluding "adult" material almost entirely. Well, I s'pose it's no surprise really! Indeed, out of all Suehiro Maruo's Manga, MIDORI IN STRANGE WORLD is the least likely to cause an obnoxious smell, being comparatively free



of his usual excesses. Fortunately it is also perhaps his chef-d'oeuvre and an excellent introduction to the man.

...observed intently by two boys - one with bandaged limbs and striped T-shirt goes down on her mouthing the glass orb as the other; shirt, tie, braces and eyepatch; tongues the pupil of the girl's right eye...

Before delving deeper into Maruo's colostomy of carnalities, a word or two about Eromanga - into which category his work might get lumped (to his utter disgust!).

...a saucepan boils...

Japanese bookstores are crammed with porno comic books which, apart from the occasional outburst, are accepted with

equity. The range is limitless - big women with big tits seem to crop up a lot (I wonder why?) but schoolgirls are the staple diet. Plots are minimal to encompass plenty of sexual gymnastics. Few books step outside fulfilling male (juvenile) sexual fantasies - females are merely receptive holes. And I've yet to see any guy don a condom.

...the girl jerks off both boys, one in each hand...

The range might be without limits but there is limitation on what can be shown. Manga are subject to Japanese custom pertaining to portrayal of genitalia. Often this simply means obscuring the offending bits somehow or leaving them blank (and practically screaming out to be redrawn by the more artistically adept reader). Strange

inconsistencies occur. One panel might contain a girl, legs akimbo, resembling a Barbie doll, and an adjacent panel a gynaecological close-up of the missing appendage. Underground or Otaku Manga forego the TippEx but print runs are restricted and distribution constricted.

...1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10...13...18...20...30...40...50...60...

By far the most infamous book of the Eromanga genre is **THE RAPEMAN**. The very title installs fear. And guaranteed controversy. The content itself is comparatively tame, not to mention monotonous. Little continuation of plot or development of character. One unerotic, uninspired rape after another (Target One, Target Two, Target Three...). The title has disturbingly run to thirteen volumes. Yet Tokyo streets remain among the safest in the world. Might we assume books such as **THE RAPEMAN** act as a safety valve rather than instruction manual? The book always crops up in discussion (denunciation) of sex in Japanese comics and I felt obliged not to break the tradition by including it here. It's shit.

...they explode simultaneously...

More genuinely shocking are some of the more way-out SM/Bizarre titles. The perverse Japanese imagination untethered is terrifying. Also sure to offend is the *Rorikon* (lolita complex) subgenre. Your intrepid investigator is reluctant to import such books (in the interests of research) for fear of castigation (and quite possibly castration). Suehiro Maruo's Manga is dubious enough.

...a black crow announces tea time...

Suehiro Maruo was born 28th January 1956 (and blood group "A") - these things curiously important in Japan). At school he was a perfect scholar and even a class prefect despite being very reserved. His quiet seclusion also not rousing any suspicion towards his childhood habit of petty theft. By his late teens he was unemployed and homeless and stole by necessity. But he was happy and never had any desire to end up a salaryman. In his early twenties he channelled his anti-social/non-conformist tendencies into artwork. Suffering an inferiority complex towards "real" art he drew comics and began contributing to magazines. MANGA and other sources say he made his debut in GARU - a monthly showcase of new and experimental Manga - but apparently this isn't true. Maruo himself cannot recall which magazine first published his work. He rose to notoriety by his sleeves for punk bands Stalin and Auto Modd and a poster for **THE WOLF** by Doji Morita. His free

licence to be weird and true vocation in life had been found without personal compromise.

...plates are placed on the floor and the three youths crouch down to excrete...

In 1982 Maruo's first compilation of comic strips was published in book form by Seirindoh. Titled **BARAIRO NO KAIBATSU/DAS UNGETUM DER ROSENSTCK**, it already mapped out the territory and introduced the characters that Suehiro would consequently explore and develop in later works. The first sighting of MIDORI - a pre-pubescent girl in a polka-dot dress - appeared in these pages. And already his idiosyncratic art style was apparent and fairly well defined. Describing a typical strip is impossible - Maruo breaks all the rules of narrative. Flicking through the pages you can spot references to Balthus, Magritte, **THE CABINET OF DR CALIGARI**, Dietrich, John Fowles' **THE COLLECTOR** amongst an atrocity exhibition of castration, bondage, scatology, deformities, Nazism, exhibitionism, pregnant pre-pubescents, eyeball-licking(!), medical appliances, mayhem and murder. But somehow it transcends its depraved subject matter! It goes beyond pornography - dare I call it "Art"?

...dinner is served and the three eat with decorous relish, licking their platters clean...

The comics are drawn with such sensitivity, it counterbalances the said content. Not that the artist is the least bit concerned about your approval. Maruo's drawing is clinical and detached - clean, economical, deliberate lines - none of that deadline stress frenzy. Early work also integrated Victorian engravings and Letratone patterns that would mortify other graphic artists. Occasional reversed out panels also complimented the aesthetic appeal and hallucinatory aura of his stories. Sadly these inventions disappear in later work.

...the youths resume their pleasures in the hallway licking doorknobs and the floor tiles - the girl smears her wet crotch down the bannisters closely trailed by a thirsty tongue...

Closely following **DAS UNGETUM DER ROSENSTCK** came his second and (in my view) best collection of stories **YUME NO Q-SAKU** (Seirindoh 1982). A similar catalogue of passions to the first book, but here Maruo's grotesque eroticism is perfected and flawless...A girl felleates a hideously obese and limless body, finally chomping off his member...A razor cut on a woman's stomach splits open resembling

female genitalia...A young boy has sex with a toothless corpse-like old hag...A catatonic patient with a six inch vertical sutured operation scar down her abdomen is stripped by a doctor who proceeds to tape a stethoscope below her breasts, gives an injection into her vulva, snips open the stitches and fucks her whilst fumbling with her innards through the wound...welcome to Suehiro Maruo's porno playground! Themes and characters reappear throughout. Many stories abruptly change course midflow and others being random collections of disparate images, the edges blur, beginnings and ends become meaningless. The book has a surreal consistency. A timeless classic. A proud steaming stool.

...finally askew on the stairs one boypees into the girl's mouth as the other penetrates her...

Following **YUME NO Q-SAKU** came **DDT/MIMINASHI-IIOHICHI IN THE DARK** (Seirindoh 1983). A third collection of Maruo at his peak. If anything, the book is even more uncompromising, frightening and often brutal. The gleeful violation of every imaginable taboo. Moral anarchy. No further recommendation needed.

And then in 1984 came **SIOJO TSUBAKI/MIDORI IN STRANGE WORLD**. Judging by blast Books' previous Manga translation (Hideshi Hino's **PANORAMA OF HELL**) we can expect a respectful job with **MIDORI**. I look forward to reading it but, as with most Maruo manga, understanding the words is barely a necessity. And in a number of cases wouldn't elucidate any further - the stories can be appreciated by the images alone. As another writer put it - the Japanese characters float across the image simply making a squelching noise (**EYE MAGAZINE**). **MIDORI IN STRANGE WORLD** draws immediate comparisons with **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**. Midori enters a carnival of freaks initiating a ceaseless series of bizarre happenings. An animated film of the book is now being made (see also Masami Akita interview, **DIVINITY 2**), albeit on a limited budget.

After the excellence of Maruo's first three collections and the equally excellent **MIDORI**, his next book **KINRANDONSU** (Seirindoh 1985) is an unprecedented flop. Sparse art and bleak stories of rape, torture and brutality interspersed with forensic pathology photos of corpses should you need light refreshment. Mostly devoid of the surreality and subtlety (!) of the first trilogy of compilations. Desperate licking round the toilet bowl. It does include a couple of

(ill-at-ease) "straight" strips but this one is for Maruophilacs only.

...a rat furries past...

From here my chronology gets a tad patchy and Maruo's bowel movements are not so regular. In 1986 came **PARANOIA STAR** which, as far as I know, is a one-off book for Kawade Personal Comics. A return to form compared to the last defecation. (Twisted) real life stories of war, fear and alienation replace much of the perverse sex of earlier volumes. Each strip has a suggested music soundtrack and there's even two text pieces. The book is obviously "personal" - I feel it would actually be more beneficial to be able to read this one. But don't be put off - the art throughout is outstanding.

In 1988 a large format slipcased hardback collection of Maruo's Manga was published, entitled **MARUOJIGOKU** in a limited edition of one thousand numbered copies. A "best of" selection culled from his all his previous Seirindoh compilations plus a few new pages and a free set of postcards. Some old pages have had subtle alterations to the artwork pubic hair (shock horror) has been added in one of the strips. A fine and now highly collectable tome, needless to say.

NATIONAL KID, published in 1990 (Seirindoh again) is his most recent collection of Manga as far as I'm aware. Also I'm not sure if there were any books I missed since **PARANOIA STAR**, although during this time Maruo has been in increasing demand as a commercial illustrator working for girlie magazines and within the music scene. **NATIONAL KID** is a return to the psycho-sexual subversion and general weirdness of his early work, featuring many strips previously published in the bondage monthly **SM SPIRITS**. Currently Suchiro is working for **YOUNG CHAMPION** (comics for young men) and says it is hard for any Manga artist to survive now, including himself. Time has tamed Suchiro but he should still be approached with caution.

...and the scene changes...

Short of a £600 return flight to Tokyo the best way to get your sweaty mitts on these books is via **THE JAPAN CENTRE** in Piccadilly, London. All volumes are A4 in size and around 180 pages. Cost is approx £8.00 each although stocks are very sporadic. All except **MARUOJIGOKU** are regularly reprinted. The address for Seirindoh if you want to try your luck is: Seirindoh (Co), 1-62 Jinbocho, Kanda, Chiyodaku, Tokyo, Japan. Your local comic emporium should also be pestered for the hell of it too.

...a small railcart careers down a track carrying the three fully engrossed in their carnal activities - the track leads straight off the end of a precipice. The End.

With thanks to China Hayashu for corrupting me in the first place, Aki Hinoshita, Reiko Uchino, Suzuko and Suehiro Maruo.



BLOOD AND FISH SKIN IN HIGH SCHOOL COMPREHENSIVE

Lorna Doom ponders the mysteries of the hymen...

A few months ago my boyfriend and I purchased, in a dusty remainder shop in central London, one of those books with the bright yellow covers: **VIOLATION!**. I was delighted to find a section on virginity, a topic which has absorbed me from my earliest girlish days. Female virginity, that is; for is male virginity really a state of physical being that involves the loss of bodily parts and membranes like it apparently does for women? Or at least the popular imagination would have us think so. Let us explore further...

Home now. Great! Let's turn to Chapter Eight and eagerly read the spurious "case histories" that are there to be wanked over: "I had wooed my little Venus for weeks...how slowly and how little I moved, testing the caul...This time I lunged and felt the veil give. A second and third blow followed and then, with a cry from my lips that almost drowned her first sobs as a woman, I plunged against the inmost recesses of her body. No one could ever take what I had taken, for all that remained was **ITS SHREDS AND A FEW SPOTS OF BLOOD**" (emphasis mine)

Suddenly, like Proust with his little cakes, I am plunged back to my pre-pubescent years and my guilty possession of a tatty and ancient **THE ABZ OF SEX**, retrieved from a jumble sale pile. Does my memory serve me correctly? I recall the strange line drawings of the female genitals: in a virginal state, after initial sexual intercourse and in a mature state. I studied these drawings for hours in a vain attempt to relate them to my own private parts. What were those strange stringy bits - shreds of ruptured hymen? If I was a virgin (and indeed I was, for Daddy and his friends had never shown any interest in ritually abusing me at a tender age), where, indeed, was my hymen?

Let us look once more at the lush pages of **VIOLATION!**:

"The female is equipped with a fleshy membrane which effectively occludes the vaginal passage just inside the orifice. The first time she indulges in sexual intercourse, the male penis displaces the hymen, either by perforating it or rupturing it completely. This act, naturally, causes the female some pain and generally a loss of blood...She has to play a masochistic, passive role."

Smashing stuff. I'm sure I would have enjoyed this as a masochistic twelve year old when **SKIN TWO** was just a twinkle in Tim Woodward's eye. Indeed, I imagined outpourings of blood upon losing my virginity, and was most disappointed to be unable to find any, considering how painful it was. But what had happened to my hymen? **JACKIE** magazine in its "Dear Doctor" column impressed on my mind that a girl could lose her virginity through horse riding or vigorous gymnastics. According to the sex manuals, and magazines for older women such as my mother read, sometimes it was necessary to resort to surgery to break a particularly tough hymen before intercourse could occur, bringing to mind shades of Third World infibulation. Did my horse riding stop me being a virgin? Did you actually have to be penetrated by the horse? (Let me point out that I wasn't *that* adventurous).

I recall giggling girlishly over this with my school chum Elizabeth, and her excited whispering in my ear: "And do you know what they used to do in Victorian times if they weren't virgins when they got married? They used to put a bit of fish skin up there so it would look like a hymen!!!" How this stuck in my memory, how I enjoyed such scientific conversations! I thrilled even more when we swapped stories of "the worst thing we had ever

done", for Elizabeth guiltily revealed that her best friend before me, Catherine, had once during a game "put a sock up there" and pulled it out very slowly, "to see what it felt like". I was bemused but didn't enquire as to whether the sock was one of the white knee length variety that we wore to school in those days, or indeed as to whether she still wore the sock as part of a pair. Elizabeth presumably wasn't a virgin then, since she didn't have a hymen to obstruct the sock. And how I pondered when a few years later Elizabeth lost her virginity to her horrid boyfriend and from then on refused to partake in any more such girlish confidences, save to say that "it was lovely and didn't hurt at all" and, worse, she was suddenly unable to remember our fish skin conversation.

One would expect the seminal **IIITE REPORT** on female sexuality to have something important to say about female virginity and defloration but it doesn't say anything much about it, although it does print in its original questionnaire the question thirty four in "Life Stages": "What were your feelings about losing your virginity? Was there any pain or bleeding involved?"

Surprisingly the dreaded **JOY OF SEX** does not partake in the ripping maidenhead/oceans of blood myth in its short entry on virginity. The 1987 tome **SEX AZ** (note: not the same book as **THE ABZ OF SEX**), published by Bloomsbury, however, goes quite overboard in its medical and pseudoscientific detailing of loss of virginity and has separate entries for no less than seven types of hymen: annular hymen, artificial hymen, cribiform hymen, fibrous hymen, perforated hymen, ruptured hymen and spetate hymen. Let us look at one or two of them:

"Annular hymen: a hymen that is partially perforated before the initial coitus by natural forces to permit the discharge of menstrual fluid. Such a hymen is likely to be ring-shaped, annular."

"Artificial hymen": oh yes, here we are back in needle and thread and sachets of blood territory... "a membrane that is fashioned to seal the vagina before marriage so that the woman will appear to be a virgin. This type of plastic surgery is commonly practised in cultures such as Japan where an intact hymen is regarded as a virtue for a bride."

VIOLATION!

A new look at sexual violence



See back cover for full details of this book

I can imagine a mass breakout of male terror of the female body upon reading the description of the "cribiform hymen": a hymen that is essentially intact although it contains numerous pinpoint openings that permit drainage of the menstrual flow". By the time I reach "septate hymen" ("a hymen that has an opening blocked only by a vertical fold of tissue in the middle") I am starting to feel ill and to contemplate seriously the existence of Jeremy Irons' gynaecological instruments for mutant women in **DEAD RINGERS**.

Unsurprisingly this American-originated book on sex once again brings up horse riding as the reason for the cause of a "ruptured hymen" and also "bicycle riding" (and I thought I only broke my arm when I fell off my bike). Gymnastics manages to escape a mention as a common cause for loss of virginity, but here we have another culprit: "the hymen may be ruptured...by an examining physician during a gynaecological examination".

I must say that I have never met another female who admitted to experiencing a

ruptured hymen and loss of blood upon losing her virginity, nor have I met a man who was able to say with certainty that he knew he had sex with a virgin. So what is the meaning of the 1970s bogey of "virginity tests" for immigrant women wishing to enter the UK? Is there such a thing as the hymen? Girls, please spill the beans and enlighten me if a grew up a freak of nature, for I would like to know. I would welcome opinions from important people such as doctors and surgeons on this delicate and fascinating topic.

SLEAZE COMES OF AGE

'a death Vogue for the nineties'

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Congratulations to all the winners. There's no room for any competitions this issue, but watch out for our major giveaway spectacular in Volume Two Number One!

DO YOU WANT TOTAL WAR? A CONVERSATION WITH BOYD RICE

David Flint chews the fat with the man behind NON...

The very name Boyd Rice tends to send a shiver of hatred down the spines of the politically Correct. Reviled as a Neo-Nazi propagandist, condemned and disowned even by hardened alternative culture vultures, Rice is controversy personified. His musical work, under the name NON, promotes the natural law ideals of "might is right", as it batters the listener into total submission with a wall of growling, crunching noise that is both terrible and beautiful at the same time. The child of Charles Manson, Aleister Crowley, Nietzsche and Herschell Gordon Lewis, Rice tramples all under foot as he heads for his creative valhalla.

Yet this is the same Boyd Rice who wrote much of that seminal cult movie volume, **INCREDIBLY STRANGE FILMS**, and who adores kitsch Sixties pop music. The same Boyd Rice who contributed to **APOCALYPSE CULTURE** and **THE MANSON FILE**. How can we define such a multi-faceted character so easily? How can we pigeon-hole him on the basis of one part of his work?

The latest NON release is the uncompromising **IN THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD**, a holocaustic assault on the senses. Boyd Rice was in London to perform a rare live show when **DIVINITY** caught up with him. I started off by asking him how the gig went.

Well, it went really good, after it was rescheduled

Rescheduled?

Yeah...didn't you know about that?



No!

Oh, well, some peaceniks (laughs), some peace loving individuals called up and said they were going to bomb the venue and do physical harm to the people who ran it and work there if I played. And their licence was

just coming up for renewal, so they didn't want to call the police necessarily, because it would just draw attention to them and they might possibly lose their licence - it's coming up in just like two days or something - so it was rescheduled at this, er...are you familiar with The Torture Garden?

Oh God, am I ever!

It was rescheduled there. So it was very different, but it went off.

That's so strange. I'm usually at Torture Garden. This was the first one I'd missed for ages.

Well, nobody knew until the very day. I went to bed the night before thinking it was off. I woke up the next morning and was told "oh, it's on again, it's been moved to this place called 'The Torture Garden', which I had wanted to go to anyway. I'd been saying, damn, it's too bad we're playing that night.

What was the reaction like?

It was generally favourable.

It's a completely different crowd than you might get elsewhere...

(laughs) To say the least, yeah!

How did it feel to play in front of a crowd like that?

It was kind of nice, it was kind of stimulating.

Were people whipping each other in the background?

(laughs) No, women were leading men on leashes, on their hands and knees, and people wearing gasmasks. At the end of the night, I wished I'd had a gasmask, because it was smoky as hell. Everybody blew their noses the next morning and this black stuff came out.

So how does it feel to be so hated by certain groups?

It doesn't bother me any.

Are you used to it?

(pause)...well...people can think or feel whatever they want to, you know, it doesn't make any difference to me. That's where I differ from these people. I expect everybody to think something different from me, I don't expect everybody to think exactly what I think, and I don't try to impose my views on anybody. So in that

"I expect everybody to think something different from me, I don't expect everybody to think exactly what I think, and I don't try to impose my views on anybody."

way I'm kind of like the polar opposite of these people who claim they're so open-minded and would say that ideas like mine would lead to firebombing of refugee centres and stuff like that, and yet when push comes to shove and they don't want my views to be heard, they threaten to firebomb me. So who's the fascist?

Exactly. The heavy metal band Diecide had death threats made towards their lead singer by animal rights fanatics after he boasted of torturing animals.

Oh God...the Animal Liberation Front or something would actually do it. These people are probably just pussies sitting in their beds with no lives and nothing going on. It's probably really exciting for them to phone up with bomb threats which they never actually carry out. Death In June have gotten bomb threats before, or they're gonna have a hundred pickets outside, and it never happens.

I'd heard that the Anti-Nazi League were planning a big protest outside your show. Ha...yeah, well...

Do you think people are taking you too seriously?

I think people are just very insecure, and insecure of their own thought, and they think that anybody who comes around who's a little bit smarter than them is going to sweep them away. It's like they've already been swept away, they're already in complete, total submission to some ideology that's just some illusion. To me

it's just a question of degrees, whether they're going to have one delusion or another delusion. In a way I think they do take it too seriously.

They seem to have a certain image of you...
And they don't have any sense of humour, either. These people are so fucking humourless. I write for this magazine in Colorado called **COLORADO MUSIC MAGAZINE**, and someone called up and said "we've just been funded as this public watchdog group and we want you to know this guy who's one of your contributing editors is a Neo-Nazi, and this offends me no end". So they called me for a statement, and I said, well, if this guy expects me to apologise for these scurrilous articles I've written about Tiny Tim, Lesley Gore and the Partridge Family, I'm not gonna do it!! No apologies from me, I stand by what I said about Tiny Tim and the rest.

Of course, that's proof of being a Neo-Nazi anyway, isn't it?

(laughs) Yeah, Lesley Gore, a Jewish lesbian (laughs), who's one of my pop goddesses.

So what is NON about? What are your ideas and philosophies?

Well, you know, it's hardly even a philosophy, it's looking at the world and seeing how the world operates – and the bottom line is that the strong dominate the weak and the clever dominate the strong. You can tune into any nature show, any kind of animal programme any night of the week, and that's what the whole thing is about, because that's what life is about. From the smallest protozoa right up to humans. You can pretend it's not that way, but it is that way, whether you want to admit it to yourself or not.

That's not necessarily a nazi philosophy, though...it's just following the laws of nature.

Well, to these people, anything that's not some kind of egalitarian, all men live in harmony and we're all brothers and love one another, which to me is just Christianity...these kind of people are Christians who don't believe in Christ...because the ideals are the same. It's all "turn the other cheek, we're all a flock of sheep"...

But that's not a real Christian ideal anyway.

Well, it's not an Old Testament ideal, but it's what Christianity has become. It's become sucked up into the mainstream. These people all hate it and say that's not what they are in a million years, but that's

“I’ve just always had a fascination with the dark side of the psyche”

exactly what they are. Because where do those ideas come from? These people didn't get these ideas, they were born into them.

A lot of people believe these things because it's fashionable to be Politically Correct, rather than from a genuinely held conviction. It's pretty unfortunate. Changing the subject, are you a murder junkie? It's a crass phrase, admittedly...

Yeah, that's certainly not a description I would use (laughs). I've just always had a fascination with the dark side of the psyche, the dark side of man, all that stuff. For as long as I can remember, I've been interested in anything like that. It's kind of weird to see it become this huge fad, where everybody's into it now. Stuff like Albert Fish – there was one book on him for years and it was impossible to find...I've seen it once in my life. Now there are three mass market paperback books in the United States about him. There's supposed to be nine already about Jeffrey Dahmer. Talk about overkill.

I've seen two covering Andre Chikatilo already, and he's only just been on trial. I'm sure these books are lying around already written, and they just fill in the names later.

I lived in San Francisco when the Jones town thing happened, and I swear, we were in the supermarket a couple of days later, and there it was!

You worked on THE MANSON FILE. What's the fascination with him?

I used to be on his visiting list.

What's he like these days? We see the odd bit about him on TV here, but nothing much.

Well, in the United States, there ought to be the "Charlie Channel", because he's on TV every fucking time you turn it on. I knew they guy and loved him. I went to visit him and he's a brilliant, brilliant man...there's no way you can ever describe how he is to somebody who hasn't met him. Even as much as I liked him at one time – we haven't spoken for years now, because of some unfortunate incidents – but as much as I

liked him, I'm just sick to death of seeing him on TV saying the same stuff over and over again. He's so much better than that, and he's just used by the media. He goes along with it because it's really his only platform.

I thought, when you mentioned not speaking to Manson anymore, I'd also heard that you no longer spoke to Nik Schreck (editor of THE MANSON FILE and the man behind RADIO WEREWOLF) these days...is there a reason for that?

Yeah, it's just because he's a pathological liar. I don't want to go into this at depth, because I don't want to give him any more attention, but he told us all these lies about books he was writing, a film he had made, and all this stuff, and we took him at his word, because he was an intelligent, likable guy. At a certain point, everything we tried to do where he was involved would be screwed up because of him, so me and Parfrey at one point had to say, listen, forget this.

How did you get together with Adam Parfrey?

Oh...he came up to me at this film showing in San Francisco and introduced himself, and told me he was writing this book, which is what **APOCALYPSE CULTURE** eventually went into. He gave me this big list of all the things that were going to be in it, and I had it but never really got back to him. Some years later, he sent me another letter, and sent some really good stuff in it, that probably most people wouldn't have sent. I thought, oh my God, this guy must



be really great if he knows about all this stuff, so I called him up and we kinda became good buddies. We talk to each other on the phone all the time. I'm just about to do a band with him, by the way. He wanted to do this band that would be a fake mentally retarded band called The Tards. And they'd do this music that would be "tard-core". We'd wear these helmets like the kids who bang their heads against the walls and smash their brains out unless they wear

some sort of protective gear...so supposedly when I get back he gonna fly me out to Portland and we're gonna record that.

So you're aiming for a whole new set of protest groups...

(laughs) No No No, you don't understand, we're raising the public awareness about the plight of these people, who're actually very talented.

Well, I'll believe you, but who else will? (more laughter from Rice). Staying with your writing, how did you get involved with Re/Search? You wrote more of INCREDIBLY STRANGE FILMS than they did...

Well, the only things they contributed to that were the things that were absolutely, completely inappropriate, and didn't fit at all.

I got the impression that Vale and Juno knew nothing about those movies themselves...

They knew nothing. In fact, that's how it came up. The first time I met Andrea Juno, she was talking about how stupid gore films were, and how they were degrading to women, all these stupid clichés. And I said, have you ever seen any films by Herschell Gordon Lewis? She said, "who's that?". I said, well, he's like the godfather of gore films, and he made these really weird, really gory films, but it's not just gore, you've gotta take it on all these different levels. because they're these weird, amazing films. She's saying, "oh, that sounds kinda neat...". So, eventually, Jim Morton (Rice's co-writer on the book) wrote them and said "I have these films, you should see them, it'd be interesting". They mentioned that to me, and it took about a year of twisting their arms to get them to go over and see these things. When they did, they just kind of lost their minds. But it was me and Jim that knew everything about all the films, because we'd been into it since we were kids. They knew absolutely nothing about them.

I'd heard they were planning a second volume. Are you involved in that?



No (laughs). I don't speak to them anymore. Or, they don't speak to me, actually. That's the way it is.

What was your impression of Herschell Gordon Lewis?

Super brilliant man. Very intelligent, very witty. We got him kind of early on. When we started doing the book, nobody in the world knew about Herschell Gordon Lewis, and right after we started doing it, SHOCK VALUE by John Waters came out, which mentioned him, and just within the short period of a year or something, Herschell Gordon Lewis was everywhere. It's like he was the most interviewed director alive.

Have you seen the Jonathan Ross TV shows based on the book?

Yeah I have.

What did you think?

Well, I think it was neat for all those people to get that coverage, but I mean... (laughs). He was interviewed somewhat recently in the United States, and a friend of mine named Mike Wilkins did this book called ROADSIDE AMERICA, about weird roadside attractions in the United States...

Which is Ross' new series?

Yeah. He was on and they said, "well, THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE FILM SHOW was great, what are you gonna do to follow it up?", and he says "well, I've got this great idea about these strange American roadside attractions...". I'm thinking, Jesus Christ, this guy's making a living off me and my friends (laughs)!

Don't let him find out about anything else you're doing!

I'm doing this project now that I'm just not telling anybody about, because it'll make me a millionaire (laughs). I'm gonna retire!

Have you ever thought about becoming a media celebrity?

Actually, I'm supposed to be in this major motion picture that's supposed to be filmed sometime soon, called PAUL IS DEAD. It's done by this girl Alison Anders, who did GAS FOOD LODGING, which some of my music was in. She's doing this autobiographical movie, because she kind of went crazy when she was a teenager, when the "Paul McCartney Is Dead" thing was going. She felt that Paul McCartney's spirit was manifesting itself to her and having sex with her; she had a psychosomatic pregnancy and everything. So it's going to be a movie about that, and she claims she's going to write a part for me because she's always wanted to use me. Her life is the most weird, intense... she went into mental

institution after that. She could look down from the window at temple and Broadway, and see the Manson girls sitting out front of the courthouse with their shaved heads. Then, this guy who fathered one of her children was involved with Lesley Van Houten. He put up the money when she got out on bail for a while.

You certainly meet all the right people... what are your favourite movies right now?

(long pause) A long time favourite of mine is CARNIVAL OF SOULS. I never get tired of that, and I make pilgrimages to that place where it was filmed. In my pocket right now on the end of this chain, I have a bottle opener that has engraved in it "The Salt Air pavilion - Salt Air resort". It's one of the original souvenirs left over from the original place. That place is a cursed sight, and it's burned down a couple of times, then the lake dried up and they thought it was dead...but then it came back and the place was flooded. You go through there now and there's sand from the beach all over the major staircase. I mean, it looks every bit as haunting as what was in the film. I'd love to meet Herk Harvey and do an interview with him. I'm certain he's still alive. It'd be neat to make a little trek to see the house where that was filmed, and to try and track him down. But that's for another time.

Let's get back to your music... I find NON quite relaxing. I noticed that Adam Parfrey's notes on EASY LISTENING FOR IORIN YOUTH call it "mood music", and that's how it feels to me. Are you surprised that people have such extreme reactions to it?

That's always been weird to me, because I've always found even the noisiest bits very relaxing. To me, it's the kinds of sounds that reflect my soul, the kind of thing that puts me at ease. I guess there are other people it'll have the exact opposite effect on.

Do you intend it to be more atmospheric than emotional?

Well, I think both: stimulating to the imagination. Be dominant enough that it would force all that thought out of your brain. Just let your brain take over. Because there's very few opportunities for undirected thought in the modern world. The only time people have to be absolutely alone with their thoughts, generally, is when they're taking a shit, or when they're in the bathtub. Every other time, there's always something intrusive, whether it's TV or radio, or sounds of other humans scurrying about. And I always felt that, early on, when all these other people started



CARNIVAL OF SOULS

coming out making noisy music – there was Teenage Jesus And The Jerks, etc – they would say “we want to torture our audience, our music is so harsh, we wanna put them through hell”, and I was thinking, Jeez, that’s so weird. If they think this is hellish, why are they doing it? It’s not hellish, it’s...I don’t know. I always felt I was completely the other end of the spectrum from those people.

You want people to enjoy what you do.

Well – no (laughs). No, I like having it both ways. The ones who enjoy it will enjoy it for the right reasons, and the ones who don’t will find it torturous and annoying. Some guy came up to me recently and said “you’re Boyd Rice aren’t you? I just heard MUSIC, MARTINI’S AND MISANTHROPY. You know what? I hate it! It Sucks!” So stop listening to it...

I guess those are people you don’t want as listeners anyway. I’m sure they get some strange satisfaction out of hating it, though...

Obviously. People need something to hate and want something to hate, but they want something that they’ll be able to hate and indulge in that experience of hating, but feel perfectly justified and self-righteous about it.

It’s a penitent thing.

At the end of the day they claim “this is hateful, this is bad”, but they indulge in hate every day of their lives.

It just festers away inside them.

Yeah, that’s the thing. They can’t come to terms with it and they can’t express it, so it just builds up and gives them an ulcer, and they die ten years earlier than they ordinarily would because of stress.

A lot of your music feels quite ritualistic. Does your interest in the occult influence your recordings?

In a certain way. I like to have little things encoded in there, and I know what they are even if everybody else doesn’t.

We’re not talking about backward masking, are we?

(laughs) Well, yeah, exactly. (whispers) Go kill For Satan.

So we’ll see you in court playing your records backwards to prove you didn’t cause any teenage suicides.

(laughs) I think they’d be hard-pressed to find anything in there that’s not right on the surface. People are so assbackwards about that, they’re so worried about some secret form of mind control being foisted upon them, when there’s this outfront, in your face mind control every second of every day and they love it and revel in it. They keep that thing about someone secretly manipulating them to hold up the illusion that they actually have some sort of free will to begin with.

Like they don’t want to do what they do, but are forced to by some outside power...

(laughs) They would love that! They’re coming up with all these excuses for people now. It’s like everything is a disease. If you drink too much, it’s a disease, if you gamble too much, it’s a disease. It just takes away personal responsibility. If you go out and blow someone’s brains out, it’s because you had a bad childhood. I mean, Jeez...everybody’s always talking about free will and individuality, but they’re always making up excuses to take away the burden of that from people, so people won’t really have to worry about things like that.

Tell me about Abraxas...

Abraxas is a gnostic, pre-Christian deity that represented good and evil, creative force and destructive force, light and darkness at the same time. So they weren’t divided up like God and Satan, or any of the traditional things that were polar opposites. It represented an understanding that these things form a unity, and there has to be a balance between them throughout nature and throughout life. If you have all one or all the other, it just doesn’t work out. I’m trying to find these forgotten philosophers that sum up that idea. There are quite a lot of them.

So you have no ulterior motives?

Ulterior motives? Like what?

Well, some of your opponents seem to think you’re out to form a new world order...

“There’s very few opportunities for undirected thought in the modern world.”

(laughs) And they think I’m a nut! But they think Boyd Rice, who put a handful of records out, is somehow going to rise to control and take over a country?

So you have no plans to run for President?

(laughs) No! Would you want to be President of the United States? Bill Clinton can have it.

Well, given the choice of being US President or British PM, I think I know which I’d go for...as we’re at the end of the year, what are your memories of 1992? Was it a good year for you?

It’s been a great year. I’ve become involved in all these new projects that are really great and I’m doing all this stuff that I find fun and stimulating. The stuff I used to have to think about to try and get done has gotten to the point where it’s just effortless. I just have to think about it and it happens.

Does this new self-satisfaction mean we’ll be seeing a tamer Boyd Rice from now on?

(laughs) Well, I’ve always been satisfied with life...

Recommended listening: EASY LISTENING FOR IRON YOUTH: THE BEST OF NON (Mute) IN THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD (Mute)

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SINS OF THE FLESH: THE RUDE REPORT

*Delores Haze pops along to the Scala Cinema
for a day of vintage British smut...*

When I told people that I planned to spend my Saturday in a steamy cinema watching sex films for over ten hours – instead of grouting the bathroom, indulging in retail therapy or even stocking up at Sainsburys – they thought I was off my rocker. Perhaps I was?

However, I couldn't miss what promised to be a cracking lineup of archetypal sex

cinema. The purpose of this propitious occasion? To launch David McGillivray's latest publication onto an unsuspecting public. The release of **DOING RUDE THINGS** was an obvious excuse to celebrate that peculiar national speciality – The British Sex Film.

A late informal press conference heralded the start of the day. Munching the

thoughtfully provided peanuts, I glanced around at my companions. Mostly regular guys (and some girdles) clad in the imaginative uniform of jeans and T-shirts...the odd interesting type interspersed. I wondered, what was their interest in the day? Hope of a sneaky look down the cleavage of an old time glamour queen? A bit of quick friction on the back row? Or were they all "experts" in their field and simply attending out of professional purposes?

I heard vague comments (justifications?) about the films representing art and beauty. Did I know that most males in sex films are generally ugly? One chap informed me gleefully. I answered with a rueful smile and learnt that the women "in those days" were not perfect either. Plenty of flesh and a fair amount of fat, I was told. Celluloid and cellulite? I couldn't wait for the first film to begin!

Which was **NUDES OF THE WORLD**, introduced by the producer, Stanley Long. We were to view the only print of the film (no negative exists), and as he recounted tales of days when a naked couple could be filmed no closer than three feet apart, I realised just how historic this day was going to be.

NUDES... is narrated by none other than Ms Valerie "here's one I made earlier" Singleton. Her presence at the showing was sorely missed (though not through lack of invitation). The ex **BLUE PETER** girl was, apparently, "furious" when she heard of the screening. She claims she knew nothing of the nature of the film over which we hear her voice. Long, however, insists she did her commentary to the pictures themselves.

And the film? A pure scream! It involves a bevy of beauties who, fuelled by their collective envy of Miss England's all over tan ("I got it in a nudist colony"), decide to form their own naturist retreat.

As luck would have it, a nearby stately home is free for the summer and the fun begins. Or does it? Despite the title, noone in the film was actually naked. Men wore tantalisingly small thong-like apparel. The international beauties could only get their tits out. No full frontals here. Nevertheless, the abundance of bobbing breasts must have pleased cinema-goers of the day.

What a jolly time everyone had. Families arrived in droves in their Volkswagen campers. Communal meals and sing songs



Fiona Richmond

around the camp-fire. What could be nicer?

But all was not well down in the village. In an improbable plot involving a sick child, a naturist garden fete, a treacherous bobby and an expensive operation in America (nothing changes), the gang are eventually accepted by the villagers. Then they're allowed to sit around their camp-fire as long as they please.

Not so much an entertaining story or even simply a bit of scud, more a social documentary. I found it as much fun to spot the Fifties furniture and fashions and to listen to the BBC accents than to watch the naked parts. NUDES... is a gem – sheer delight. Don't lose that one and only print, Stanley, we loved it!

During the interval in the crowded foyer, I chatted to an attractive German lassie; one of the minority of females in attendance. She enjoyed the British "nudge, nudge, wink, wink", coy attitude towards sex. And she infinitely preferred it to the blatantly public displays of sexuality in the more liberal parts of the world. She was eagerly anticipating the next film – MONIQUE – hoping it would be similar to MENAGE A

her action in the master bedroom. I must say, it was heartening to see an au pair involving herself so fully in family life.

Occasionally, one tired of constant shots showing hubbie staring steamily, attempting to illustrate the full depth of his emotion, whilst only managing to look as if he was having a bit of trouble with his contact lenses.

The climax comes at Christmas after a difficult scene where Mr discovers Mrs wrapped in Monique's loving arms. After a candlelit meal, all parties retire to the bedroom. In my "shot of the day", we spy the girls getting it on over the shoulder of Mr, who swigs from a bottle of wine in one hand and puffs on a cigarette in the other, swallowing nervously.

Cut to three in a bed, happily sated (not sharing a pizza, however). At this point, a major portion of the audience left the cinema. This was mainly due to the fact that we were not to be treated to the cosy threesome scene we had all hoped for sorry lads. Sometimes, waiting's the best part though. This film certainly had us all steamed up in anticipation (it was also the only film that had me squirming in my seat).

We finish with Monique's return to Paris, leaving the couple a little sad, but certainly wiser about their relationship, we feel (well, there has to be a moral to the tale).

At this point, I must admit that I could take the strain no longer, and retired to a Kings Cross chippy to cool down whilst PRIMITIVE LONDON entertained the crowds.

After my oral satisfaction on a few greasy three-inchers, I returned to watch Ray Selfe introduce the next part of the programme. He suggested we were lucky to see *only* the trailer for SWEET AND SEXY (he was right). However, it caused much hilarity – "the low life, the sweet life". We enjoyed trying to spot a "particularly lecherous looking extra" in the nightclub scene – Bob Hoskins. To complete the collection of stars working on the project, Dennis Norden was apparently responsible for the script.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN PERVERTS was the next offering. A Pythonesque cartoon film that used clever montage techniques. The surreal animation told a modern-day version of this fairy tale. Phallic symbols abounded throughout and the Wicked Queen was superb. Her constant lament "mirror, mirror on the wall, who has the greatest tits of all?" sent the audience into sniggers. She tempted the afro'd Snow White with a poison apple from her mobile sex shop. The handsome knight with an equally handsome erection brings Snow White back to life, and the seven dwarves

THEY CAME TO MAKE BEDS...
AND MADE EVERYTHING!



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TOIS, which, I suspected, was her particular favourite leisure pursuit. Damn – should've sat next to her, things could've gotten interesting...

The film itself was slow and fairly subtle with a most excellent soundtrack of jazz music. In a world where it was groovy to go to a nightclub in your nightie, it told the story of an ordinary 2.2 children family who engage a rather engaging au pair – our Monique. Children bouncing in and out of the picture (mainly naked or partly clothed) satisfied those paedophiliacs who might be watching.

The hot and horny husband, fuelled by brief snatches (sic) of Monique's panties whilst she bends to tend the children, can control himself no longer, and he races into their nylon-sheathed bed. His equally wound-up wife was not too far behind, after a little persuasion from the French flirt, preferring

– looking like true dirty old men in their mackintoshes – "took the Queen and had their revenge". She didn't seem to mind too much.

THE SECRETS OF A DOOR TO DOOR SALESMAN remain a secret to me. It was interesting to discover that the opening shots had been the first film work of Jonathan Demme (subsequently fired from the project), but I'm afraid the opening titles and first scene had me running for the door. The film was long – I did not persevere. Those who did wished they hadn't.

Back in the foyer, young Melvyn talked of sleaze in the Sixties and spoke of fun times for all. "How were the Sixties for you?", he enquired. Well, actually Melvyn, I was in nappies, so ask my mum. He put forward the case for the SECRETS/ADVENTURES/CONFESSIONS... series eventually surpassing the popularity of the CARRY ON films. I am not convinced.

Appropriately enough, in the interval I had a long chat with Mr George Harrison Marks, described as the "greatest purveyor of porn". I don't think he would mind that description. Our deep, philosophical conversation touched upon his latest magazine, KANE, and it's readers – some of whom were in attendance and eager for him to sign their copies. Apparently, HM is not personally into SM, however. Not even a mild spanking, I enquired? No – once you become attached (sic) to your subject, you start to lose your objectivity. Oh, but what fun you can have losing it!

Next on screen were a selection of his short glamour films. Very simply, they consisted of a woman who stripped off, fondled herself and smiled at the camera. Originally

intended as silent films, the cutesy soundtrack courtesy of the Scala gave the films a tongue in cheek feel. The vignettes catered for most audience fantasy women, and my particular favourite was the paint-stripping chick who set her armchair on fire with her blow-torch, and just *had* to take all her clothes off to extinguish the blaze. Harmless fun with flirty femme fatales.

The films were introduced by Mr HM himself and sex queen Pamela Green, of **NAKED AS NATURE INTENDED** and **PEEPING TOM** fame. Neither had met for about twenty years. I wondered why, but was enlightened when I overheard Ms Green's greeting, "hello darling - I thought you'd gone bald" (to a chap with a full head of hair, this is not a pleasant greeting, and hints of fake follicles). However, they seemed to be in full rapport on stage, and recounted some witty anecdotes for our pleasure.

By now it was around 10.30pm, and onto the final interval and last chance to stock up on the excellent carrot cake or drink the bar dry. And the (still) astonishingly large audience trooped in for the last showing.

The "lost" intro to **EMMANUELLE IN SOHO** was most funny with a stern voice-over telling of the depraved and corrupt place that Soho was, where "virgins are defiled and the innocent corrupted". All this to a plethora of innocent shots of Soho sex shops. Frankly, I find the Soho of today with its antiseptic Westminster Council crackdown rules and regs and the homeless sleeping in doorways far more disturbing.

ESKIMO NELL was the last of the films. It was a hoot. Roy Kinnear played a Harrison-Marks type figure, and he carried the picture extremely well. We finished the day with a damned uproarious time. Now this one *could* take over where the **CARRY ON** films left off...

The day was long and drinks all round with a breath of fresh air was urgently required. So was I off my rocker to spend my Saturday in the Scala? No fear - you were off your rocker not to go too. It was a splendid launch.

DOING RUDE THINGS is an excellent publication - do read it. The dictionary definition of "rude" is "unformed by art or skill, rough, uncivilised, uncivil, impudent". Well, all the films possessed some or all of these traits to a lesser or greater degree. But don't forget the humour, a great British characteristic illustrated admirably during our day at the Scala. We all went home laughing.

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EROTIC FANTASY

TWENTY-FOUR HOUR PARTY PERVERTS

David Flint reports from the 1992 SEX MANIAC'S BALL



Taking place once a year, THE SEX MANIAC'S BALL is Britain's most spectacular and outrageous all night

party. The event is held to raise money for The Outsiders Club, the charity run by Tuppy Owens that aims to help people with social or physical disabilities find partners. For years, I'd heard how great the event was, and so I made my way down to Battersea in London on the 14th of November to finally see what all the fuss was about.

The event took place at the Alternative Palace, a huge, cavernous warehouse that seemed ideally suited to hosting a night of wild sexual abandon, with its numerous dark corners and multi-levelled spaces. When my companion and I arrived, things were still fairly quiet, the paying punters having yet to arrive, but things soon livened up. By ten o'clock the building was packed with perverts, each eager to make the most of the occasion.

Things opened up with the buffet, a sumptuous spread of quite exquisite food which made us quickly realise that the £40 minimum ticket cost wasn't so steep after all. We took full advantage of this delicious pile of food, chomping eagerly on salmon, potatoes, pasta and assorted other culinary goodies until we could eat no more. One minor mishap did occur when my friend found herself being spattered with food from a patron who had stumbled on his way upstairs...but as we were to discover later, there were people here who would have paid someone to do that to them!

As if a pulsating sex club and feast of food isn't enough to justify the cost of attendance, there are numerous acts

performing throughout the night. We had been promised Danielle Dax, but on the night, she'd mysteriously transmuted into Nina Hagen. Such a change seemed pointless in the end, because Ms. Hagen hadn't shown by the time we left, sometime after four in the morning. But it didn't matter, as the rest of the entertainment was fine and dandy. There was the amusing "ice cream blow job contest", which hopefully needs no further explanation...members of the audience got the chance to show their technique to potential partners in the audience, with widely varying degrees of skill. There was the Grope Box, with strategically placed holes where, for a donation, you could reach in and feel whoever happened to be inside. Of a similar nature was the Exhibitionist Box. This gave you the choice of being either an exhibitionist or a voyeur. One corner of the room had the playpen, with a bunch of adult babies being watched over by their nurses. There was the Virtual reality installation, which I didn't have the chance to check out, so its wonders will remain a mystery to me for the moment. In centre stage was the Deflowerment Bed, where patrons could lie down for a rest (or maybe not) and have polaroids taken of themselves in all their splendour. And there were assorted acts on stage throughout the night.

Sarah Cage came on stage in a wedding dress, before proceeding to get naked to the sound of Madonna's *EROTICA*. This was stritease with class and genuine erotic charge, as far as I could tell. Unfortunately, having been at the other side of the room when she began, we found ourselves at the back of a large crowd, and whenever the gorgeous Ms. Cage lay down, she disappeared from sight...no such luck befell us with the performance of I Love...Roses, unfortunately. Not that they were a bad act, simply very messy. The two girls involved mimed to a bizarre voice over about food, whilst taking their clothes off. Very avant garde striptease, and quite entertaining. However, when the both grabbed handfuls of cake, the entire audience instinctively knew what they were in for, and turned to run...but too late. Food began flying left, right and centre.

Beat Girl made an appearance, as did the Disco Assassins, both pumping out high camp dance fodder for those who need it. By this time, though, we were in the thick of the Ball.

The Ball itself pulsed and throbbed with an air of barely controlled sexual frenzy. Talking to a couple of punters, it became apparent that many of those attending never go to any other fetish/sex clubs during the rest of the year...so it was unsurprising that for some, the excitement was just too much to bear. There was a wide variety of costume on display, ranging from the standard fetish club gear to wild fancy dress. At least one male punter shed his clothing entirely. There were surprisingly few bare breasts on display, all things considered, though any woman who showed any busty substances at all could be sure of much adoring attention from the men in the crowd, who were never less than forthcoming in their appreciation of an ample bosom....

The crowd were a mixed bunch. There were the inevitable rich brats who had come along for a laugh, several familiar faces from the fetish club scene, numerous transsexuals, a large gay contingent, and a handful of souls who simply defy description. It was uplifting to see that the Ball wasn't pitched at any particular group, and seemed to offer something for every (legal) taste. All walks of sex-crazed life collided here, with little time for splitting off into little cliques. Even the toilets were omnisexual - at least, those of us who couldn't find the gents were welcomed into the ladies room. This caused a little confusion for at least one patron, who - after wandering in and seeing a few men and women standing around near a sink full of regurgitated food - asked, "is this the buffet then?"...

We spent much of the early part of the Ball upstairs in the Fetish Room, ostensibly trying to persuade people to sit in a coffin for money - with no success at all. This room, dark and murky as was only fitting, had a large wooden cross in the centre, on which was strapped a tiresome spoiled rich kid, being hamfistedly "whipped" by some giggly Madonna clone (of which there were many). We couldn't help but laugh when she was abruptly replaced by a stern woman that we'd seen in action at TORTURE GARDEN, and who certainly knew what she was doing. Although obviously only toying with this chap, she still had him shaking in terror!

Downstairs, things had become frenzied. We retired to a secluded room where several Ball-ers had gone for a "rest"...or, as it turned out, for a vigorous grope. Not

wishing to be party poopers, we indulged ourselves for a short while, then went out to see how things were progressing. One amusing vignette caught our eye. A truly stunning young girl, whose breasts were remarkably gorgeous, had a man with his head between her legs. As passersby noticed this, she was gradually surrounded by members of both sexes, eager to get in on the act. Within a couple of minutes, she had disappeared from sight completely beneath a mass of bodies...only to be seen later *crawling out from beneath them!* Meanwhile, the drunken Scotsman on the bed did his utmost to get any passing woman to investigate the contents of his kilt, but with little success.

The whole event had an electric

atmosphere that was quite infectious. I guess it's true that when a repressed people are let off the leash, they go crazy. And it has the feel of an *event*, rather than just another club. The ticket prices might seem steep, but when you consider the assorted diversions on offer, over half a dozen live acts, the buffet and the attraction of attending the wildest sex party of the year, it's not so bad. And you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you're helping a good cause by having the time of your life. What more could you ask for? This truly is "the Ball to lick all balls". For information about this year's event, write - with return postage - to The Leydig Trust, P.O. Box 4ZB, London W1A 4ZB.

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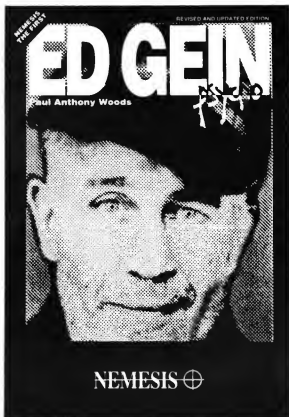
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PUBLISH AND BE DAMNED

The latest hot 'n' cold print examined

As a child, I thrived on comic books. And other than ACTION and 2000AD, it was American titles that fuelled my youthful imagination. Every Wednesday, school-pal David Cawley and myself would lay siege to the newsagents on the way to school in order to buy our fix of UK Marvel reprints - SUPER SPIDERMAN, THE MIGHTY WORLD OF MARVEL, RAMPAGE, THE COMPLETE FANTASTIC FOUR... what classic titles they were. All this would be supplemented with "the real thing" - US imports of titles unavailable in this country.

My interest waned as I grew older and Marvel's UK arm, under the editorship of Dez Skinn, became ever-more juvenile in approach. So I've missed out on the revolution that has gripped the comic scene in recent years, save for casting a cynical eye over the puerile "adult horror" garbage that has been given so much press of late. However, I couldn't resist the temptation to relive past glories when I heard of the death of The Man Of Steel in SUPERMAN #75.

This "Memorial Set" is a triumph of packaging that makes Madonna's SEX seem restrained in comparison. Once inside the sealed black plastic wrapper (emblazoned simply with a bloodstained "S" symbol"), you find yourself holding not just the comic book itself, but also a colour poster, a trading card, commemorative stamps, a "cutting" of the Daily Planet's obituary, and a black armband. The comic itself has a simple but effective "tombstone" cover and fold-out back page. But enough of all this marketing hype - what of the tale?

Well, I must confess to feeling a little empty after reading it. This was probably to have been expected. After all, the DOOMSDAY saga has been rumbling on for some months now, so reading it was rather like coming into a novel at the final chapter. Maybe I'd feel different if I'd read the whole tale, but as it was, the story seemed too rushed; there was no time for character development, no time to comprehend the sheer magnitude of what is happening here - after all, the most famous superhero ever is about to be killed. Yet the story lacks any real sense of tragedy. Too much time is taken up with the epic battle. And the comic is too damn slim - surely an extended edition was in order here...or even the removal of the damned ads that pop up every couple of pages, as a sign of



respect. To be fair though, the story continues in subsequent editions, and perhaps should only be read as a whole (inevitably, DC have already issued a book edition of this). And the battle - told in epic, apocalyptic full page panels is genuinely awesome.

In any case, this is more a slice of history than a comic book. Those of us who grew up on this sort of thing will want to pay our final respects. R.I.P. Superman.

THE SCHOOL RECORD by Angela Richards is the follow-up to **THE SATURDAY AFTERNOON DETENTION**, which is currently awaiting reprinting. Both books are stories of naughty schoolgirls being regularly punished by various teachers, and are - as you might expect - aimed at the flagellation crowd. However, if you were to think that the books were simply poorly written exercises in squalid porn, you'd be wrong. In fact, both novels are extremely engaging, charming and eminently readable. **THE SCHOOL RECORD** tells how Angela, after receiving a couple of thrashings in her first two lessons of the day, is encouraged by her friends to go all out for the record of a beating in every class. This she does, reluctantly and often unwittingly, and along the way learns some surprising secrets about her teachers.

What makes the book such a pleasant surprise is the depth of characterisation to be found, and the fact that you can't help but like the girls. The numerous scenes of spanking, thrashing, canings and general punishment are graphic and lengthy, but manage to fit well into the context of the story, and don't feel as though they've been grafted on gratuitously. Neither does the

book dwell on them salaciously. In fact, there is no explicit sexual content to either book, and both could probably pass as serious novels if they wanted to. I had no real sexual trill from reading them, but thoroughly enjoyed both anyway.

Both titles are available from Daisy Publications. See their ad elsewhere this issue for details.

Tuppy Owens' **THE 1993 SAFER SEX MANIACS DIARY** is something that every self-respecting DIVINITY reader should plan their year by. After all, which other diary will tell you about the *really* important events that will be taking place during the year? You now have no excuse not to attend "the 12th annual bare cunt rally" (August 7th) or to celebrate "International Sex Workers Day" (May 1st). Alongside all this, we have a different sexual position for each day of the week, the ever-handy condom survey and classic sex quotes, and a wealth of information that certainly isn't trivial. An essential part is the listing section, which details groups, clubs and organisations involved in fetishism, swinging, naturism, new age sex, gender transgression, etc; there's a guide to the sexiest hotels in the world, the finest live sex shows, top brothels, and sex games. Entirely and utterly essential! The 1993 edition is the twentieth anniversary of what is pretty much a national institution nowadays, so there's never been a better time to sample it.

Also from Tuppy is **THE POLITICALLY CORRECT GUIDE TO GETTING LAID**, a tiny piss-take of PC attitudes that nevertheless does offer some serious advice for those of you desperate enough to try to get off with a terminally Right-On individual. There's information on "male sensitivity" and "vegetarian approach" ("vegetarians might find themselves avoiding going down on each other because of an ideological opposition to meat"), spiced with deranged cartoons. Perhaps not lifechanging stuff, but an amusing diversion. Both the Diary and the Guide are available in shops (at £4.99 and £1.99 respectively), or write to Tuppy at P.O. Box 42B, London W1A 4ZB with SAE for mail order information...

If, like me, you regularly haunt the remainder book stores in search of that elusive collectable, then you'll be only too aware of the output of Taschen Books, whose nicely presented collections of art

and photography can be snapped up for ludicrously low prices, and who often stray into the erotic side of life. 1992 saw three new editions that are both essential purchases for any self-respecting **DIVINITY** reader. The first, **CICCIOLINA**, makes an interesting companion piece to Madonna's **SEX**, being a collection of erotic shots of the delightful Ms. C., taken by her (ex) manager and (ex) director Riccardo Schicchi. These are, by and large, excellent shots, bringing out both her personality and sexuality. One or two examples appear from the **MADE IN HIEAVEN** pieces photographed by Schicchi, and created by Jeff Koons...of whom more in a moment.

Another new Taschen "must-have" is **TOM OF FINLAND**. Those people who have had their **Tom** work seized and destroyed by HM Customs in the past will doubtless be both amused and annoyed to see a collection of his work sitting on bookshop shelves across the nation;



Cicciolina

particularly as the book contains illustrations showing anal penetration, cock-sucking, cum shots and a bevy of huge erections poised ready for action. Quite amazing. Tom's art is, of course, quite incredible. His studies of muscleboid Leathermen are often cited as being responsible for the whole gay leather scene's emergence, and pack as much of a punch now as they must have done at the time. And it's astonishing to realise that these graphic illustrations, full of bulging cocks and overt gay imagery, date as far back as the Forties.

The most surprising, and certainly most essential of the three is **JEFF KOONS**.

This covers all of Koons's work, from **THE PRE-NEW** vacuum cleaners to the amazing **PUPPY** sculpture in Germany, alongside a lengthy interview with the man himself. What makes this book such a surprise to find on the shelves of UK bookstores, though, are the **MADE IN HIEAVEN** photographs showing Koons and Cicciolina in a variety of explicit poses. It's highly graphic, brutally up-front hard porn.

Even without the pull of such taboo imagery, the book is still fascinating. Koons' work is both challenging and amusing, and he constantly toys with the pseudo-intellectual art-world with his recreations of the blandest/crashest images. Far superior to both the recently published **JEFF KOONS HANDBOOK** and costly American Koons books, this is an essential guide to the most important artist currently working.

MONSTROID is a new glossy horror film magazine from John Hill, one-time editor of **WHIPPLASH SMILE**, a glossy horror film fanzine. The new organ is being presented as a pro-zine, but the first issue seems unsure as to which direction it wants to take. So we have the old fanzine trick of throwing in a pile of reviews, ranging from the latest releases through to old obscurities. This isn't such a bad thing in itself, but does make the magazine seem to be somewhat floundering. Other stuff includes the inevitable Shaun Hutson interview, **ALIEN 3** praised to the skies, a look at **THUNDERCRACK!** and a stunningly stupid end-piece by one of fandom's sadder individuals, Richard Griffiths.

I don't want to sound overly harsh on **MONSTROID**, though. This is the first issue, after all, and I'm sure that once it forms its own identity, the mag will be much better. Even now, it wipes the floor with the useless **SAMIHAIN** and **IN THE FLESH**, which I guess are its main rivals. You can see for yourself by sending £1.95 to Imagery Publications, Imagery Studios, Pen Street, Boston, Lincs PE21 6DA.

New from Creation Press is the timely release of **BLOOD AND ROSES**, a collection of nineteenth century stories about 1993's big thing, the vampire. This is the period that saw the finest writing of the genre, possibly because it was the only way to write about sensual pleasures (and sex is at the heart of *all* vampire stories) at that time for an open market.

While many of these stories will be familiar to aficionados of the subject, others won't be. There are extracts from novels such as **JANE EYRE**, **THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY** and **LA BAS**, which expand the horizons of vampiric literature



somewhat, together with interesting illustrations, and an introduction by Creation's enfant terribles James Havoc and Adele Olivia Gladwell. Nicely presented, this is a must for all serious literary types, and an essential fashion accessory for the more transient reader.

Also from Creation is the long awaited **RAPID EYE 2**. The first **RAPID EYE** book was the finest example of subcultural writing to emerge during the Eighties, and this new volume doesn't disappoint. As well as being a more accessible size, the book has a slightly more commercial edge to it, taking in what could be considered to be "mainstream" bizarre culture as well as more esoteric pieces. **ED GEIN - PSYCHO** author Paul Anthony Woods weighs in with interviews with Jorg Buttgeriet and Richard Kern, as well as an in-depth study of the notorious Savoy/**LORD HORROR**trial. Paul Buck's first interview with Paul Mayersberg appears here (his sequel can be found elsewhere in this issue of **DIVINITY**) and there are pieces by/about Colin Ilson, the CIA, Alex Sanders, Genesis P. Orridge, and H.P. Lovecraft amongst others. The second half of the book is filled with editor Simon Dwyer's **IN THE JUNGLE OF THE PLAGUE LAND**, a cynical, brilliant look at America through the eyes of a visitor. At almost two hundred pages long, this is worth the price of **RAPID EYE 2** alone.

RAPID EYE 2 is a stunning volume. Forget the fact that it isn't American (the only reason I can think of for it being less renowned than **APOCALYPSE CULTURE** or the **Re/Search** projects), and buy it immediately.

The finest magazine coming out of Australia is Michael Helms' **FATAL VISIONS**, and the thirteenth edition is well up to standard. There's the expected plethora of incisive reviews that range from

PAUL RAYMOND'S EROTICA to **LET HIM HAVE IT**, a report on the latest abomination to spill forth from the retarded mind of Peter Jackson (auteur of the irredeemably foul **BAD TASTE** and **MEET THE FEEBLES**, and looks at Mexican and Chinese horror...but the highlight here is the interview conducted by convicted killer G.J. Schaefer with a convicted sex ghoul – an unrepentant necrophile with a taste for “nice fresh young white ladies with big boobs”. Get ‘em while they’re hot from P.O. Box 133, Northcote, VIC 3070, Australia for a measly US\$6.00.

And still they come...“they” being the horror fanzines, which increase in number like rabbits on a sex drive. **ATROCITY** claims to be “for the more discerning armchair psychopath”. No.2 kicks off with an editorial rant over the Liverpool Snuff Movie seizures (discussed in **DIVINITY** 2), before descending into such murky madness as **AMERICAN PSYCHO**, Alice Cooper, **BLOODSUCKING FREAKS** and assorted reviews of trashy horror films and a few records. By the standards of your average horror ‘zine, it’s not too bad – the writing seems reasonably good and the lousy “reader art” is restricted to one awful rendition of Henry Rollins. But I can’t really recommend it. Perhaps I’m becoming cynical in my old age, but this whole horror thing is starting to be a bit of a drag. I don’t care what a no-hoper like Jim Van Bebber has to say about his unmade films. I don’t care about film festivals that show **VIOLENT SHIT**. I’m just not interested. But, perhaps the less jaded amongst you will be. If so, you can send £1.00 to Ade Furniss, 60 Clark Road, Abingdon, Northampton, NN1 2BX.

Finally, **ED GEIN – PSYCHO!**, as reviewed in an earlier edition of **DIVINITY**, has now be reissued in a revised, revamped edition by Nemesis Books. As we mentioned before, this full throttle study of corpse-sex madness is a must for every bookshelf – dig a copy up today!

DAVID FLINT

Sexual synchronicity! No sooner does Madonna dive in the deep end and trawl half the world through her B&D boudoirscapes with **SEX** than feisty UK company Midsummer Books trump her totally with their own quarterly **JOURNAL OF EROTICA**.

Other than being perfectly bound, what marks **EROTICA** off from the usual top shelf Kleenex-fare is its mix of different styles of photography and attempt to win over the female market.

Certainly the textured white cover and luxurious gold-embossed logo keep the project way above and beyond the wretched knackers-yard of Paul Raymond style publications. The various stories have a properly pitched literary feel – more like excerpts from decently crafted novellas than the wank hack-work common to most soft-core dross.

There’s a good mix of alert colour sets and some wonderfully composed monochrome sessions alongside a cheerfully grotesque bunch of Victoriana featuring porcine cuties of yesteryear posing like the Koons ‘n’ Ciccilina of their day. Remarkably graphic, too!

It’s rather as if someone had enterprisingly worked through various sets of upmarket postcards and posters and compiled the best efforts in exactly this sort of compendium.

If **EROTICA** can move further away from the overlap with over magazine formats and develop the exclusively bookish elements to fullest potential, this will be an essential regular buy. It certainly beats the hell out of Madonna’s cold, mannered careerist SM posturing.

Obtain it from Midsummer Books, Freepost, P.O. Box 2822, London, W6 0BR, for £12.99.

CATHY PACIFIC



First opened to the public in 1863, Philadelphia’s Mutter Museum houses twenty thousand strange and fearful medical marvels.

From antique anatomical anomalies, obsolete instruments and assorted medical memorabilia, the museum is a discrete freakshow of the weird and wonderful.

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annually to gaze at the haunting evocations of the weird science of yesteryear.

Having struck on the idea of basing a quality art-print duotone calendar on photos of the more esoteric exhibits, visionary museum director Greichen Worden gathered together a clutch of top US photographers to compile the definitive private view!

Included are master photo-works by Joel-Peter Witkin (check out last issue) and Arne Svenson. Roll up and see...beautiful tiny conjoined twins fused at the head and thorax; eerie plaster models of eye injuries; death-mask models of Siamese Twins Chang and Eng Bunker; sections of heads floating in formaldehyde; melancholy diseased face models made by genuine waxworker Joseph Towne, who constructed medical teaching models; and most amazingly, the rarest known medical specimen skeleton of a Fibrodysplasia Ossificans Progressiva sufferer wherein the bones start to form outside the body of the afflicted!

The Mutter is a Victorian resting home for all manner of monstrosities. One look at this brief pictorial calendar catalogue of its multiple pleasures and it’s easy to imagine how another infamous Philadelphia resident, David Lynch, picked up his early ideas for the art direction on **ERASERHEAD** and **THE ELEPHANT MAN**.

This is a matchless collection of prize prints. Purchase immediately from Turn Around Distribution, 27 Horsell Rd, London N5 1XL.

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SADOMANIA

Sal Volatile whips through the most most painfully delicious films to emerge in the last year

"We (sadists) select the most frightening, disgusting or unacceptable activities and transform them into pleasure...we make use of all the forbidden symbols and all the disowned emotions. SM is a deliberate, premeditated, erotic blasphemy"
Pat Califai - **SKIN TWO**

Love hurts! Whether it be the gaol inflamed mindwarp of De Sade counting off 120 days of Sodom or the grotesque dictates of Chicago sex-fuhrer Peter Sotos ("real power and real violence can only be enjoyed when it is imposed and forced upon people with brutal, unending consequences"), all of us have some deep down force-fed

fantasies hidden away in our dirty, beating hearts!

Sadism is the most gut-wrenching of all the "perversions". Obtaining pleasure from the infliction of pain squarely confronts many of our moral frameworks. But almost everything about the act of love is otherwise symbolic of violence seduction, submission...we all know the score and we all bear the scars. Who'd have it any other way? The primal connections so thoroughly examined by Camille Paglia in her masterpiece **SEXUAL PERSONNAE** unleash the full gush of our molten, intensified lust. Sensual overload shall be the whole of the law!

At **DIVINITY** -we like our sadism

consensually celebrated for fullest effect like any true disciples. And for the exclusive purposes of enhanced divine-guidance we are pleased to provide an in-depth overview of just some of the most unmissable international grade-A sadistic celluloid to have rolled through the theatres during 1992.

Dontcha just love being in control?

First up, a secret garden of beauty and bondage from the unlikely source-point of Europe's Chalet-land, Switzerland namely, Cleo Uebelmann's **MANO DESTRA**.

Walk-out rates for this prime slice of ultra-



TRANS-EUROPE EXPRESS

committed sado film-making are amongst the highest this movie-goer has ever witnessed. **MANO DESTRA** creates its own heavy underworld and traps you right in there.

It's essentially a very simple and direct piece. A beautiful leather clad mistress and her anonymous sub are alone together in some deserted basement area full of cages and bondage paraphernalia. The sub is bound in white rope in a variety of poses. The camera steadily gazes at the results of the dom's handiwork. There's no sound apart from the noise of high heels echoing down a maze of industrial underground corridors and some dodgy Euro Disco which involves hideous singing and an out-of-kilter backbeat.

But, after just one viewing the effect is to leave you with the most overpowering sensation of tenseness, timelessness, exquisite discomfort, bored shame...the film really enacts its own rituals on the viewer, forcing you right into its sounds and textures and twilight vision.

The revelation of the pretty dark haired sub dressed only in a tight black top and seamed tights and heels bent into a series of ingenious enforced postures is incredibly vivid. The still camera focuses on the fresh whiteness of the ropes looped over the girl's legs in a way that is somehow chokingly poignant and overpoweringly erotic.

The careful photography, the precise upfront voyeurism and the seemingly tender binding scenes create an atmosphere of immense romanticism. There's a yogic, spiritual quality to the activity that is remarkably arresting. And the slow tensing of ropes and limbs has a surgical precision that is palpitational!

MANO DESTRA is gloriously detached and excitingly unspontaneous in its portrayal of cerebral eroticism. Trimmed to a more manageable length it could easily become a Midnight Movie staple. But right now Uebelmann's study in monochrome is a slow fuse to the most volcanic head-sex currently available on the art-house circuit.

from swish Swiss Misses, we move to rope-ridden fantasy in the shape of Alain Robbe-Grillet's 1966 classic **TRANS-EUROPE EXPRESS**. Revived by both the Scala and Taboo cinemas, high art Euro-sado sleaze doesn't come much more snazzily direct than this most excellent slice of French fetish cinema.

From the genius who gave the world the oblique strategies and pellucid shadowplay of **LAST YEAR IN MARIENBAD**, this film propels you into an ironic world of meta-thrillers and liaisons dangereuses on the Trans-Europe express. Heartbreaker



TETSUO II: BODY HAMMER

sex kitten Marie France Psier is the constant centre of attention as she develops a fiendish SM relationship with Jean-Louis Trintignant. Playing a pretty young prostitute in a selection of filigree lace basques, we see her in a variety of warped rape fantasies, strangulation fantasies and bed-chaining sequences which easily match the fractured and decadent feel apparent in that other masterful french fantasy classic, **BELLE DE JOUR**.

Naturally the entire movie descends into the sort of fast cut madness you would expect from a classy Sixties art-film, especially one about a dope dealer venting his violent and sadistic obsessions onto some lithe bed-bound lovely! The French really have a knack for this sort of thing – the styles, the clothes...but what's most unforgettable are Psier's innocent provocative ecstasies whilst being manhandled by her lover. The final scenes are the most amazing – Psier lies on her death bed, arms outstretched and legs coyly crossed, erotically drooped over the railings as her Kohl stained features relax into emptiness. It's sick, it's indefensible, it's politically incorrect to the nth degree and it's entirely magnificent. Trans-fixing!

Another Taboo cinema revival was a minigem of dubious, delicious violence that is situated way out on left-field **LET HIM BREATHE**.

The great British industrial public health film is one of the rare treasures of indigenous cinema. Crazy po-faced and haughtily patronising, you can't help but love these sadistic cautionary tales. Maybe only the infamous US traffic safety films

with their graphic autopsy footage and newsreel disaster approximate to the mood and immediacy of their UK counterparts. But the British stuff is something special.

Uproariously banal safety advice is coupled with a dry-as-dust style that leaves you gasping with disbelief that this footage was ever intended to actually help anyone! There's a basic formula for this sort of material – take a bunch of out-of-sorts "resting" actors, cook up a few health risk scenarios and then let them all bug-out to various animation sequences which utterly obscure the message of the film. Stir in amateur special FX, creaking dialogue and a host of laughable corrective attitudes, and everyone's a winner.

This particular example concentrates on what to do when workmates and loved ones are suffocating. And the best way to cope with this sort of hellish eventuality is to go in fast and dirty! There are scenes with crushed ribcages and blocked lungs; there are drownings, pierced chests and collapsed lungs; and there are concussion and burst lungs! You gotta lung problem, it's confronted here. There are at least half a dozen dramatised incidents to choose from in this unsparing catalogue of everyday breathing difficulties. In one, a real dirty bonecrusher of a van accident smashes some daft bugger into a wall, resulting in some fine moaning and flinching footage! In another, a soaking wet unfortunate is hit by an arrow in a swimming accident, resulting in extraordinary close-ups of bloody chest wounds puckering and foaming with oxygenated blood – very lifelike and surgical. But for the real

McCoy, the hit-and-run motorbike accident with the poor woman victim takes some beating – deep abrasions, skin flaying and parts of skull segments fully visible whilst choking to death on her own vomit!!!! It almost makes you want to go out there and get real sloppy in the middle of the road yourself. The lesson of it all is pretty much – You No Breathe, You No Live! And whilst *this* impartial observer could have done with a tad more on the full-frontal tracheotomy front, that fading Seventies film stock (which makes all the players positively reek of nylon) eventually wins you over with its seductive period charms. For the sucking chest wound scenes alone, this movie is worth a place in anyone's medicine cabinet. Stay safe and breathe easy!

British TV didn't miss out on this year's feast of fetish fever. Channel Four's series of vintage TV repeats gave us **THE LOVER**, Harold Pinter's classic of ritual and romance.

This is probably the most advanced TV sado-sex drama ever broadcast in Britain. A startling study of finely honed lust, the play was originally to have been restricted to viewing by married couples only at the behest of the station manager. In fact, it was repeated the same year due to public demand!

Pinter's trademark one-liner banal dialogue, pruned with weird pauses and disorientating non-sequiters makes for an unashamed black celebration of shoe and stocking fetishism. The intense monochrome camerawork and wistful period brilliance also recall some of the kinkier concerns of Joe Losey's **THE SERVANT** and **THE ACCIDENT**.

The drama is basically a straightforward two-hander with Alan Badel and Vivien Merchant playing a wealthy suburban couple living out their tense, teasing erotic games over a series of languid afternoons. In what is revealed as a carefully worked out ritual of pretend infidelities, Badel is seen to leave Merchant in the house whilst he makes off to his legal practice, knowing his wife will meet her lover during his absences.

Though the camera holds off for a while from revealing the identity of the mystery lover, eventually it is shown to be Badel himself, indulging Merchant's predilection for power dressing and his own taste for domination and abasement. The gradual revelation of the submerged rape fantasies and rampant shoe fetishism unfolds slowly through the piece.

Merchant looks the very picture of a sultry middle-aged vamp posing in front of

mirrors as she anticipates her lover and toying with her vicious five inch heels. The constant shots of her preparing her wardrobe are electric – slipping into her black ruched cocktail dress and black silk stockings, the overpowering static hiss of the clothing as she moves positively swarms all over the soundtrack.

These key scenes of ecstatic preparation really power the drama along. Merchant has a sweet, unnerving innocence that makes the ritual moments of the couples' "illicit" meetings appear all the more extreme. During one episode, Badel crouches under a drawing room table whilst fondling and grovelling around Merchant's spike heels – for all out deviant sex, it's hard to imagine anything more confrontational until Potter's **PENNIES FROM HEAVEN** came along ten years later.



TETSUO II: BODY HAMMER

That also gives the proceedings an added kick is the atmosphere of Sixties promiscuous thrill seeking – the whole damn Keeler-esque quality of the "arrangements". The sense of abandon is perfectly captured in the amazing title sequence where a silhouette of a male and female hand scampering together beating out a knuckle-frenzied rhythm on a single bongo is made to look like two scorpions or spiders rutting through a deadly courtship ritual. Truly sensational.

THE LOVER represents one of those key moments in drama when a submerged theme from contemporary culture suddenly sees the light of day presented in an even more bizarre fashion than seems tolerable. In a slightly more veiled way, similar topics were being aired in **THE AVENGERS**.

But when Pinter's camera starts to crawl over Merchant's exaggerated ass and flanks (made all the more sumptuous by her undercarriage of corsetry), the upfront focus on sado-masochistic carnality hits the viewer as mind-bogglingly indecent even today.

All those shots of legs, shoes, hips and breasts in motion always rolling and playing against the tight, static coda of dialogue. It's a mix that is disorientating in its unblinking concentration.

In the end, **THE LOVER** – like its subject matter – is a magnificently over-heated obsession. One of the most ferocious pieces of psycho-drama ever committed to screen and a must for Pinter freaks (or just plain freaks) everywhere.

From the living room of yesteryear, we move to the soilingcrush of 1990's Japanese lebensbraun, with Shinya Tsukamoto's **TETSUO II: BODYHAMMER**.

TETSUO (aka **IRON MAN**), Tsukamoto's first 16mm effort released in the UK during 1991, owed so much to David Lynch's earliest creations that practically the entire heart of the movie was mortgaged to the man. Only the gorgeously deranged energy of the project assured its place in the cult pantheon. **BODYHAMMER** moves up to 35mm and subsequently pans out much more into a futureworld Manga floorshow of punishing proportions.

Set in Tokyo, Tomoo and his wife Kana have their son kidnapped in a department store by a pair of black-clad skinheads. Tomoo gives chase, but is lost in the labyrinthine cityscape. His grief and anger transform him into a human-weapon. And when he himself is kidnapped later, an outright sado-metabolic battle starts with the gang's leader.

BODYHAMMER is one of those rare movies – a film that aspires to the hallucinated impossibilities of cartoon art. In fact, its main fault is its pacing at such a plith that it almost bypasses its own narrative.

It's a genuinely dark vision of the Japanese psyche, a rocketing study of micro-fascism and sado-body horror. Tinted in metallic blue throughout, the camera floats (almost astrally projects) over an entire display of hysteric urban panic. And it's just this modern note of searing tension that Tsukamoto holds so well. In a series of genius move set-pieces he mounts a Bosch-like attack of metal fetishism on helpless human flesh. The turbulent accretion of images is majestic, but becomes so rocky, in fact, that the controlling engines of the film are pretty well shook off by the end

credits!

The first half of **BODYHAMMER** is pure poetry. The second half is seven shades of hardware migraine. Tsukamoto is the Metal Guru of Japanese movies - you feel utterly armour-plated after coming out of his pictures. If anything, **BODYHAMMER** suffers sufficiently from the volcanic brio of his direction to leave you nervy and unsatisfied.

His technique combines the narcotic synaptic flame-out of the best advertising with the marauding brainflay of the true futurist. It's techno film-aking operating at peak rate. A sort of crushing industrial revolution of fire-power worship, corrosive neurology, metaphysical metallica and anthropomorphized weaponry.

Tsukamoto's films always just fail and fall short because they over-reach themselves so much. But his visions wonderfully unleash us into the last countdown nanoseconds of incipient cultural sado-chaos. His is a steel phallus fucking crazily into the dark, virused software of modern moviedom.

Finally in this whip-round of celluloid sin, the mysterious Polish maestro Andrej Zulawski's first French film, **THE MAIN THING IS TO LOVE**, made in 1974. Vibrant; predatory; pulsating; cruel; dark and pessimistic...and that's just Klaus Kinski...!

Like all too much of Zulawski's work, this piercing examination of sado-carnality has been lost for an age. In it a photographer intrudes onto the set of a gangster flick to take pictures of a failing actress. His relationship with her in reduced circumstances - making sexploitation quickies - starts complicating as her ineffective husband watches the marriage subside.

From its semi corpse-fucking intro to its final scenes of troupes of old porno poseurs (granny lesbians with strap-on metal dildoes!!!), **THE MAIN THING...** becomes a small spreading wound of a film. Its colour coding - maybe the fiercest in a film since the yellow-outs of **ROSEMARY'S BABY** - is a series of variously wasted aquatic blues and purples, all somehow capturing the bruised indignity of the cracked actress in her last descent.

Anyone familiar with Zulawski's masterful **POSSESSION** will know of his predilection for high pressure, flesh stretching melodrama and attenuated madness. And with Klaus Kinski at his evil skeletal best in the movie (alongside numerous other elderly grotesques), the story becomes an orgy of itchy egos all

variously scratching themselves apart.

Kinski is at his most arrantly manipulative as rich, self indulgent actor Karl Zimmer. A paradigm of grimy exploitation, the Iggy Pop of acting. And the unrequited love of the characters hangs heavy over the murky atmosphere of the picture - a permanent flush of malevolence where no light ever dawns.

If a film ever suffered from delirium tremens, it's this one. Some of the scenes with Klaus going off his trolley are truly agonising to behold. And the infernal

triangles hustling together make up a geometry of violent emotionalism. **THE MAIN THING...** is wholly driven filmmaking that shoots straight into your skull and devastates your dreams. Classic Zulawski.

These have been but a few of the multitude of deranged and delightful fetishistic masterworks to have seen the light of day during the last twelve months. proof if proof were needed that the times they are 'a' changin'. Correct sadists of the world unite. You have nothing to gain but your chains!

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VIOLENT SILENCE

An interview with **Paul Mayersberg** by **Paul Buck**

In many ways this interview is a sequel to an earlier, lengthy interview which was published in **RAPID EYE** (Creation Press 1992), a piece that covered the work of Paul Mayersberg as a screenwriter (**MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH**, **EUREKA**, **MERRY XMAS MR LAWRENCE...**), director (**CAPTIVE...**) and more recently, novelist. In the last few months Mayersberg's first novel, **HOMME FATALE**, has been released as a paperback, whilst at the same time his second novel, **VIOLENT SILENCE**, has been published by Sinclair Stevenson. The focus of this conversation was **VIOLENT SILENCE**.

Why is it called VIOLENT SILENCE? What are the concepts that made you employ that title?

There are two answers. One is that it's all the things that are unsaid, and therefore very largely misunderstood, misinterpreted, unknown in everyday relationships. For example, you've had a really bad day at the office, you might lose your job. You come home, you tell your wife/partner nothing about it. She either picks up that or not. In other words, most of life actually is made of things that are completely unspoken, even between people who talk a lot. Eight hours of the day is spent dreaming, and that's impossible to communicate, largely. So I began to think that I'd construct a story on a series of unsaid things, that it could actually make not only a narrative of unsaid things, but also a kind of a suspense story, and also in the unsaid things you'd also learn an enormous amount about the characters. So in this story there are two people who are ostensibly happily married, but who do not speak about two events in their lives which eventually destroy them. Obviously in most of our lives it never gets to that stage, but on the simplest level you get married and you've a girlfriend or boyfriend, a mistress or a lover, and you don't mention it. That's at one level. Something happened that really worries you and you never speak of it. I was interested in trying to construct a story where what was unsaid became the drama, so that what was said in the novel is relatively trivial, largely untrue, because we, the reader/writer, know that these characters are concealing something. They are not necessarily concealing something in

order to hurt the other person. They are concealing it in many ways in order to protect the other character. But a story develops which is as destructive to their relationship and their lives as if they had been seen doing it. In other words this is a story of two quite casual encounters, a man and a woman, in which, because they are unmentioned and unmentionable, and actually not terribly important in a way, they turn into a kind of nemesis in their lives. To me there's always this underlying aspect of any life where language is the major communication as opposed to knowledge or information or telepathy or guesswork. There is always a gap, and a gap is the thing you don't say. So I tried to construct a thriller on the basis of things that were not talked about. Now the thing itself, these two encounters, are themselves in a sense wordless, which is another kind of silence. In other words because they are two physical, sensual encounters, there is not a lot to be said, you can't defend it, you can't explain it, you can't... It will always sound bad. But the fact is the origin of keeping quiet about something is the fact that you know it's incommunicable in the first place. What is the silence? Start with that. That you remain silent, don't use language, because what has happened to you also happened in a kind of silence, that was really the notion of the silence. As far as the violence goes, it seemed to me that silence, which is the opposite of language, is inevitably violent, in the sense that it inevitably expresses itself in violent physical gestures. Now it wouldn't have to be necessarily two affairs. I chose that because that was the story. It could also be encounters in the sense, for example, I have myself seen things happen on the street that have had an enormous impression on me, which I could never come home really and tell anybody about. For example, and this might have been in the back of my mind somewhere when I was writing the novel, I was walking down Fulham Road, stopped at a crossing, red lights and so forth. I saw a woman sort of start to cross the road on the other side and I knew she shouldn't and a car hit her. She yelled and was knocked down and people started to go across, and I went across too, but by the time I crossed the road she was completely unconscious. She'd been knocked down, she'd hit her head, and was now unconscious. There was the car, the scream, and silence. Now that

in itself is I suppose quite common. However I stayed, and I don't really know why except nosiness. While somebody called for an ambulance, this lady remained completely still on her own. She was a young woman, thirty or so. I don't know why I stayed watching a completely unconscious woman.

Before the ambulance arrived...in fact I never saw it arrive, because of what happened, I couldn't stand it anymore. What happened was she regained consciousness after I suppose three or four minutes and started to scream. She lay in the street, just screaming, and I couldn't watch it. There were many people there. I didn't feel I was evading calling the ambulance or the police because that had been done. But that weird gap, the mistake, the accident, the silly movement, she shouldn't have stepped off, it was her fault, the scream, the moment of realization and silence, and then the screaming price to pay. And I think somewhere in the back of my mind there was that kind, that particular incident.

Violent silence is used almost as if it's a motif in the book. For example, the point of orgasm, or when someone is pointing a gun... I wrote a list. There is more at the beginning and end of the book, whilst in the middle it's more a case of the joining points. Did you make a list of certain ideas of violent silence, those moments, those precipice points, and use those as generators to the story, in the way a Nouveau Roman writer might have done, or did they just come up in the process of writing?

They came up during the writing. But I was always looking for them. In other words I didn't devise the whole novel on that basis, but every time a scene got written I looked for the silence in the scene, and that varies as you know through everything. That image of the woman in the street. You know the sea is very silent, the landscape, there's all kinds of areas of life. When you come into empty houses. The idea of somebody coming home and nobody being there. The disquietening absence of chatter in a family situation. And I tried to encapsulate that in this weird deafness of the woman. In fact she has moments of deafness, maybe that's going a little far perhaps, but I felt I needed a code for it. The silence, the incommunicable, things that happen that you can't really explain. Over-

embarrassment, or just don't, or forget, or dream or whatever I tried to give a form to, but I was very careful not to symbolize it in such a way that she fully understood what the silence, the deafness, meant in her life. In other words go to the doctor and he'll tell you maybe it's a psychological thing. Maybe you should take these drugs, maybe you should do this or that. I wanted it to be something that's unaccountable, so that she could interpret that anyway she wanted, and she begins to interpret it in relation to the man she's met. That's not altogether true. I felt that was missing in her life that she didn't know. So the silence represented, and I don't mean the sexual encounter, but what the sexual encounter provoked, that all of the things in her life were represented by the inability for quite a talkative, sensible, intelligent woman, her inability to communicate it and so I looked for an experience, like a road accident, like something that wasn't her fault and yet was what would provoke in her concerns about what she would want in life. What happens is that when she returns home after going to visit her father who is becoming increasingly silent in relation to her, doesn't talk to her, and they can't communicate and so forth. She gets home to find that her husband who she has no reason to suspect of anything and never has really, is gone. What I wanted to do all the time is introduce the idea that we're driven by incommunicable things, but if we have enough of those in our lives, if there are too many things we don't communicate, then our lives are dramatically changed. We become frustrated and angry and

subsequently violent. So it's a story really of things that are never known, but which we know, the reader, but the characters never know about each other and they die not knowing what it was about, who did what and why. And I love that idea. Where it came from in terms, apart from this lady on the street corner...it probably comes from Marguerite Duras and a film I saw years ago called **MODERATO CANTABILE**, which Peter Brook made. I haven't seen it for thirty years or so, I don't think I knew Duras' writing before. In any event, it's a story about a crime that takes place in a small town in Bordeaux, and a very rich lady investigates this apparently sexual murder and meets a man who is also interested in it. This is Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo, and they form a relationship because they are concerned, obsessed or interested or worried by what happened to neither of them but a story that happened in the village. And I was very struck by that. Even more struck by that that when you talked about the *nouveau Roman*. At that time I remember more even than the Robbe-Grillet. Later I became more interested in Robbe-Grillet, but at the time because I was very movie-orientated, that film absolutely struck me. Here was a story where nothing was said. The dialogue was all trivial, there was no relationship and yet it was obsessive. It was a wonderful piece of work I thought.

As the book progresses, the major moments of VIOLENT SILENCE are really the sexual and death moments because you construct many points... many extremes.

Sexual extremes sexual relationships, permutations and death threats, and death fights. For example, the violent silence of fighting with cars the duel in the middle of the desert, a silent place, a jousting, with cars. They seem to me to be the key points.

Well, there are two sorts of things. The reason for the choice of moments of sexuality and encounters is because they are largely unspoken, self-evidently. The other aspect is the duel not between men and women, but the duel between men where you couldn't really admit, even if you know why you were doing this. In other words it's not, it's duelling, slugging it out. It's always been a bar-room sort of thing, always had a kind of revenge. I wanted to ritualize it...

Mediaeval...

Absolutely. It's much more basic. It's even ancient.

I was suddenly thinking of Bresson's LANCELOT OF THE LAKE.

Absolutely. The reason for that was because the duel, the arguments, the fights between men, which they certainly would never acknowledge as having sexual content whatsoever, are intensely sensual and what I felt was that there was a spillage of sensuality between what starts as men and women spills over into men, the way that for men dreaming, fantasising, and so forth, for us it spills over into images of female homosexuality, but we never say that we are homosexual if we are not, though we never really talk about those impulses, and I thought there was a way to express that, that it exists although doesn't necessarily have to be expressed that way. That it exists, but that we put it in another form. And you know it's always said that the rugged team, and the boys meeting on Saturday night...but this was something I wanted to be just as personal, so that the duel between the two men becomes a fight, not just about women, but the sensuality of their feelings spills over into their own relationship. And at one point Hammond I think begins to wonder whether he is in fact homosexual. There's no evidence of that, even he sees that's possible.

You explore that further because anal sex is another focal point, and is taken further at the end when one car rams another up its exhaust/backside.

The anal sex is to do with an expression of homosexuality I guess. I'm not gay so I haven't that, so in that respect it was an imagined thing, or a learned thing. As far as anal sex in relation to the women I think that's much more important because I think that it's the most significant barrier in a relationship between a man and a woman.



EUREKA

It's usually the last thing to go. I mean in terms of in a relationship. And women, and men, are particularly fearful of that. There's nothing really to be fearful of, I'm not talking about AIDS or disease, it's not that. When that's gone in a physical relationship I suspect then it's what is called a level playing-field thing. Without that there's always this one thing in most people's lives that is unspoken and undealt with. It's also terribly complicated because no man knows what a woman wants from that. That's one of the most mysterious things because men, us, who do that, don't have the same feeling as the woman has, it's not an equivalent. We don't quite know how that works because sexually, physically, physiologically there is no reason for a woman to get any excitement from anal sex. So it's a totally psychological thing. Certainly it's very unusual for a man to say to a woman push something into me from behind. It happens, but it's unusual and anyway it would just be an effect. But the idea of a woman having two possible sexual entries is always obscure I think to men. They already have too much, so many more available sexual responses. I mean if a girl's going to suck your tits it's not going to do an awful lot to you, probably. It might. Women have four, we've got one, two. Now that's not fair. Women have multiple orgasms, clearly we can't do that, so the whole fucking thing is not fair, and it worries us, whether we ever admit it or not. The simple fact of it worries us. Now, by the same token, the conventional world views anal sex as the end of the line, the worst...that is corruption on a scale... Well, it's banned, it's illegal in many places. Now that idea, even if you don't take it seriously... But a woman could of course report you. You get away with rape but if you stick it up her arse you could be dead in the water, you can go to jail. That does in American life have a particular significance. Also it reminds you, the man, that maybe you are gay. It's a worrying thing.

There's also the other side that some women might want anal sex because they want to experience what it is that gay men are experiencing.

Maybe that's true. I think most women who are fascinated, or interested in gay men, are because of the non-threatening nature of the relationship.

Yes and no. Because now there are quite a few gay men who say they rather like the idea of having sex with women once or twice, and lesbians who also say they like

the idea of having sex with a man now and then. Keeping their options open. So perhaps the non-threatening angle is not 100% any longer. Or it might be lesbians will only go with gay men, or vice versa. Still keep it within their circle so to speak. I wasn't thinking particularly socially in this story so the scene in which one man's sperm is passed into another man's mouth struck me as a crisis for both, a no-turning-back event because while the man, whether he wants it or not, accepts, or takes what he would merrily expect any girl he met to agree to fellatio, but the idea that it is done to him strikes him as the most appalling thing in his life and actually in this story anyway spaces him out to the point where he no longer has any sense of control of his life. That's in a way a symbol, but I would think that's a significant turning-point. In other words you dish it out but you can't take it. Now what's wrong, what is the imbalance is really what I was trying to get at.



CAPTIVE

Another point of VIOLENT SILENCE is when he comes back from being captured he comes back to a house... When you come home and find your husband has gone, this concept of disappearance, the silence... To come home and find he is not there any more, to find he has gone. Where has he gone? Later on he does come home and then he is silent.

Actually this happens all day long. Men, women, whatever... It may seem that way in the story being a poor housewife's problem, but that was not actually my intention of a woman finding her man gone. Much more in fact was that she also found her daughter gone and the whole thing is really worrying. To me it was more to do in a general way with the position of the writer or artist or performer or whatever. In a way the whole book's a bit like that I think, that is, to me. For a reader perhaps that's not particularly interesting. That is, you spend your life being alone and you have to make people come to you. In other words when you talk about the meaning of the disappearance when they are not there, where are they, they are gone. Obviously it has to do with fears, jealousies, all those things, but to me the most important aspect of that is that in my life anyway I will come home and there is nobody there. But why should there be? It's the middle of the day. Because I go out to write in a café in the morning and live a life that doesn't have a time pattern, I don't have a job, so I don't go anywhere for social things, so I disappear all the time, and other people disappear from my life all the time and I have to go and round them all up, like characters in a story, otherwise I'll stay out, I'll be gone. I've spent a lot of my life away from my family physically, abroad or wherever, so it happens all the time. It happens to children who notice it. Where's dad? Where's mum? Where's my brother? Where's my sister? What's happening? even the slightest thing—if they are not there where are they? That's the first thing that happens in a child's life when conscious of the family relationship. Well there's none missing. It's more to do with that, but that seems to be the state of art in a way, that what you do, you go away, you disappear, from people's lives, then you come back with your story intact hopefully. Where were you today? But what you were doing was you were writing, or you were doing something or whatever you were doing. The story in relation to wherever you were today after you disappeared, missed you and couldn't find you and all that, is that whatever you were doing you weren't with them. And there is always a thin sort of membrane, a patina of

criminality about that. That's to say wherever you go, if you do something alone, you might not be doing what they don't know. You say you've gone out to do that, how do we know how many pages you've written today? So there's this curious sort of guilt. Lying or truth-telling, but it's the same to the people you live with, rely on. and so on. I've always felt that if someone walks out of a room they've disappeared.

That's the major setting of the book. It's about films making films. It's set around a film world and therefore people do go off to make films, that's the structure of the book. And it's the relationships they have on those films, and when they leave the films they go back to their reality again. That's what sets the whole thing going, and the fact that while he is away she also goes off and has her relationship with someone else, which is another chance thing...

Absolutely. But the point I was trying to say was in that respect I was only tangentially dealing with the movie world. I mean they are not famous actors or directors, they just happen to have a job, but they get infected with a cinema life where this sort of thing happens. So what I tried to do was to tell the story of lives, relationships and so forth in what you might call a lurid, cinematic way. This is the invasion of cinema into their lives and the opening scene, the girl comes in with a gun and says I'm going to blow you away and this other woman is watching...

It's like in a film...

It's a film, that's the point. It's set up like that. But then everything else is like film too. So every scene is a film scene not because that's the way life is realistically, but underneath that is exactly the way it is. So to me the film life, dopey movies let's say, even poor ones, actually are the dreamscapes of ordinary, everyday life.

Yes, I think that people often say when they are doing something, if I was in a movie this is what I'd do.

Absolutely.

Whether they do it or not is... Sometimes they do something for th effect because that's what they've seen in the movies.

Once you've invented the cinema you can't get it out of your mind. In other words everything is now film. Or became film. You could also argue it was television. You could equally argue that a discussion like we're having now could equally be a TV chat show or whatever. So everything translates itself into whatever the imagery

is. I tried in *CAPTIVE*, for example, to use fashion photography as a way of understanding character. It's very carefully lit in a style of fashion really. The film was criticized as being designer terrorism. The point was that that is how we understand it, because when you look at the pictures, even serious photographs, for example, Don McCullin's pictures of poverty, they actually have, when made into 10 x 8, a fashion characteristic because they are already an abstraction in black and white or... So we translate everything before we know it. It's already translated into an image somewhere in our mind. So in this story what I was doing, or trying to do, was actually to say all lives are film lives now, and there's no way out of that. No matter what it can all be reduced or elevated or trashed into on film.

You still did use photographic images, and painter's images. I think Hopper comes into it. I can see some things as photographs in it.

The photograph is when you look at yourself in the mirror, that's a snapshot. So you check your hair in the mirror, male, female, child, anyone, that is actually a snap. And we do that all the time. It is not necessarily vanity, it's a way of checking. You look at everyone now and you realise we do see everyone else now as stills. The scenes from our lives as scenes out of movies. Quite often. Even if there wasn't a correlation, even if we didn't know about Woody Allen's latest series of disasters it would still be *MANHATTAN*, is still a film in black and white, in stills of relationships that are photographically represented. It's impossible not to see the world as moving or still photography.

Another thing I thought was that when he comes back, because of his appearance and the pent up violence, he also puts on THE RITE OF SPRING and we have this sense of noise. The daughter says, "My God that noise..." So we go from the opposite of silence to noise. Also there's the noise in the cars, with the jousting in the desert, a very specific comparison of noise in the great silence.

Yes. And it's an incredible separation. When you make a film, what happens is, when you're shooting it you're watching. When you then run it back you can run the sound or whatever, or you can turn the sound off. Now when you are cutting a movie a lot of it is done with the sound off. Many scenes are shot without sound, for obvious reasons because if you have a conversation on a beach, for example, you can't really shoot it, you only have a guide track because the waves are going to... you

have to revoice it later. So when you are looking at the scene as the director or whatever you see it silent. So the silence and sound thing are what Godard called One Plus One. He made a film about just that. The world is one plus one, they are separate, picture and sound. And of course making a film shows you the separation extraordinarily. So that you look at your actors now no longer standing beside the camera, when you come to look at them on film in a moviola or whatever, you see them totally differently. Now you are seeing a tiny picture, no larger than a magazine spread and you are remembering and you are inventing and I don't think she should say that, and she could say something else. You've got a chance to change something. So, it's all one plus one. Sound and vision, sight and sound, it's all separate. Now you join it and you put a music track on and other kinds of soundtrack and all of that. Actually you're building all the time a montage, the most important thing is that what happens with film is that you are watching sound and picture separately. I remember I was in an interview with Hitchcock years ago. A film I'd liked very much he'd made, called *THE WRONG MAN*, which was not liked at the time, though I thought it was one of his best, which was shot in a fairly documentary way. Almost totally. You wouldn't know it was Hitchcock, almost, except thematically. Now it's a story of a wrongful arrest, as simple as that. A man is arrested for a crime he didn't commit because he vaguely, only vaguely resembles the person who did it. And his whole life is ruined, his wife goes crazy, he goes into terrible debt and he is totally ruined by a misidentification by a shop assistant. Now he lives in a house, flat, which is near a railway, a subway, and the city rumbles past. Of course he's very poor, he's a bass player in fact, in a jazzband at night. It rumbles past, all day long. Now when he is taken to jail wrongly and put into the cell, the doors of the cell, which are barred doors, close in a sweeping motion on the hinge they run on. They are on rails, so there's a de-de-dedededong. So I became aware that there's a very similar sound to the train passing. He was already in jail without knowing it before when he was apparently an innocent. So I mentioned this to Hitch and he said, "Oh no, it's not similar, it's the same. I actually used the same sound for both. What I do is, there are two films, one is the picture and one is the sound. And I have a sound script which is totally separate and a visual script and a dialogue script. They are all quite separate and then we put them together".

It would seem to me that THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH was consciously made like that. There are sounds which you confuse, it's a mosaic soundscape, in a very mosaic film, styles and everything. I'm sure that that same idea happens in that film very specifically.
Absolutely.

I was thinking of the train just as...

And also Nic did some wonderful things in that. For example, there's a marvellous moment where two guys come to kill Buck Henry and they throw him out of the window, and there's a phone ringing all the way through. Now it wasn't in the script, but there's this insistent call. Why? I don't know, but the point is the phone is ringing all the time. He is after all a very successful businessman, but of course that might save him, but he never gets to the phone. And we never know what it is. It just rings. It was shot in stereo and I remember when I first saw it. I hadn't seen it, apart from a rough cut, so to go and see the film on the first night I thought it was absolutely brilliant, because that was the story of everybody's life, the unanswered phone that might be nothing, the wrong number, or it could save you. If only you answered it, you could get out of this. And you can't. But you don't even hear it, but the audience hears it and it became, it made the helplessness of the scene more poignant or more dramatic. So yes, you're right, that's exactly how it is. It's very hard to do that in a book of course. You have to separate it, deliberately separate sounds, pictures, reactions, dialogue, you know, you have to kind of force them apart. Film is the art of the simultaneous, but in a book everything happens at the same time. You look at the set, you look at the face, you hear the sounds...all happens at the same time, but a book doesn't. You read one line at a time and you have to produce something that eventually results in simultaneity.

As someone who has learnt his craft as a screenwriter, before writing novels, you can bring to it angles that a novelist can't. A novelist doesn't think of these things, which is one reason why I like Duras, Pasolini. They wrote across the boundaries of the disciplines. It's something you can do which a normal novelist can't do, because you've learnt this one plus one idea and its very much a feature of this book.

But I have been totally criticized for this very thing. A lady in THE OBSERVER said that the imagery is very good at cinematic effects, but the imagery is laid on with a trowel. Now I suppose in a way you could construe it like that if you are

expecting or anticipating or wanting or had been conditioned for no imagery at all, which is what frankly most books are. They don't have imagery, they have plots, they have characters, they have characterisation, they have dialogue and so forth. Imagery is not the strongest suit of most novelists, there are exceptions but it's not a strong suit. Therefore when somebody like me, as you say, trained in cinema, brought up in cinema, or used to cinema, the use of momentary images, colours, shapes, lighting and all of those things, strikes the reader, who has been trained to think that that is a cheap effect, it strikes them as false.

That is why you said before, in the last interview, that the people who are used to reading novels, when reading HOMME FATALE, saw it in a totally different way from those who are used to seeing film. They would relate it to literary references, whereas the film buff related it to recent Hollywood films like BASIC INSTINCT, FATAL ATTRACTION and whatever. It reflects our society in that there are people who don't read books, there are few who read books and see films. Many are not cross-cultural.

I think it has to do with...it's two forms of laziness essentially. Film is the laziest medium for a writer, obviously, because everything is taken over. How are you going to describe? You read the script, you walk into the room, he does this, he does that, they kiss, they fight, they fuck, they do this or that, and so on. So it's a skeleton. That's quite a lazy way from a literary point of view of writing. Now everybody accepts the laziness of film, however, fewer people, because people involved with film, or film buffs, do not read books, whereas people who read books do see films. The people who read books, who do see films, don't recognise their own laziness and no one has ever taken them to task for endless descriptions of pointless presentation of rooms, of clothes, or how people dress and where they've been before they came in and so forth. Because it's loquacious, talkative, word-driven, it is regarded as hard work and intended. In fact open any book and you will find that a lot of it can be trimmed out in terms of what you need. But the literary response sees the faults, and they are faults, in film, but the film-oriented people never ever come back and say but that's all waffle because they don't read books anyway. So there's an imbalance somewhere in this. Novelists and reviewers, novel-minded people, do see films but film-goers on the whole do not read novels. They don't read them because they find them waffly and so



on. Novels never get criticized with the same harshness that is brought to bear in print against the filmwriter's style, because there isn't a crossover. If one started to talk about the waffle of most literary novels you would be thought of as being an oik, or somebody who doesn't know what they are talking about. But actually I've been reading a book recently of a writer I quite like, Timothy Mo. A novel called THE REDUNDANCY OF COURAGE, a bad title, but a very interesting idea. And I'm struggling to get through this book because there are pages and pages of totally repetitive description which goes nowhere, but that's the standard ballast of the novel. There is a ballast and there is a ballast in film, but everybody is quick to point out rightly the ballast, the padding and so forth of the film but nobody ever talks about the long takes of the novel. It's much easier to write long than short. So we have this growing separation I think between the so-called literary novel and the popular novelist.

Perhaps some of the good things about writing today, books like VIOLENT SILENCE and others that I'm interested in, is that there's a certain sparseness. One can make the book more violent or erotic by that sparseness. When you become more verbose it's difficult to be more violent or erotic. It's in the language, you don't need to add the descriptions.

I think the problem is to do with readers. With lots of stuff they feel awkward. Readers of popular novels become

unnerved by literature, not because it's famous or they have to intellectualise it, but because it doesn't respond to the rhythm, not of the way they speak, but the way they feel. It is just too considered and most people's lives are not very considered, they are just reactions. They are not lives of reflection and tranquility, so Proust can't be a popular writer. We just don't want to be that reflective. We'd rather have something happen to us, and then react than reflect. Which is part of the appeal of Vietnam. It really has to do with states of mind, what the state of mind that engages me is. What I write or am drawn to is panic. I put the characters in a state of panic.

In VIOLENT SILENCE there's Pandora, and Pan-Dora. And Pan runs into panic which you specifically say at one point. You chose Pandora for a variety of reasons, because there's Pandora's Box, which also leads you into the use of the Box, which is an area you explored in the film CAPTIVE too. There is still something there to explore, or else you wouldn't have gone back into it again.

Everytime you come home you are entering that space that is going to deprive you of your senses. In other words coming home is a form of sensory deprivation. The rituals, what you are going to find, it doesn't matter. That's what it is. And so what I tried to do in VIOLENT SILENCE is to have people who wanted to get out. So the production designer and the stuntman have something in common in a way. They like space, to get away from home. Into places that aren't theirs. Hammond, the production designer, turns out not to be very good at designing science fiction, or fantasy, his imagination can't stretch to that. He is terribly good at converting existing sets into interesting looking things to be photographed. Real things done up, converted and so forth, redressed into something. So he's sort of fake, he's a failed architect. He never would make it as an architect so he's doing this sub-architectural job. Wildman is not a man of action, he's a stuntman, it's all fake. He's very brave, bold, all of those things, but he's not fighting in the desert. He's not a mercenary. He's actually just doing a stunt where there is an escape route and so on. And my point was that movie lives are full of all of us writers who aren't novelists, actors who aren't really who they appear to be. Clint Eastwood isn't really Dirty Harry. Designers who design things and you go to their house and you see something else. Sexy women who live incredibly paltry and morose lives. So all of those innocent-looking people who are as guilty as hell, but who live exemplary lives, all of those are

all lies. That's really what this aspect of VIOLENT SILENCE is about. It's about the gap between the film life and who you really are, and where you failed and that's the bit in the middle. And that's one of the aspects that fascinates me about the characters, you know, so that the silence is a gap when nothing happens between what we really are and what you want to be, or how you see yourself. For example, in another form the fact that Pandora's adolescent letter to a man whom she thought was sexy, attractive, and who turned out to be a homosexual friend of her father's, but she didn't know that. How could she guess at fourteen or whatever. But because her handwriting hasn't changed over the years when she brings the letter back that her father kept, her husband interprets that as a letter that she wrote yesterday. Years apart. What happened in the middle? Here's an incredibly sensual woman who's given it all up. Happens all the time. Now it's not a question of just suppressing it, she's actually given it up. And a chance encounter opens all that up again. The appeal of this young girl, Betty May, to Hammond. There's an odd feeling she's the age of his daughter or younger. So he begins to see that. It isn't his daughter so he can say to himself... Then it turns out it was an early girlfriend years ago. What happened to the girlfriend, she died. She got leukaemia. It was based on the first girlfriend I ever had. I didn't see her for many years and then I was told that she had died in her late thirties. She had died of a kidney disease in Malta. And it doesn't mean anything in itself but it's how we connect things. They are all coincidences and all meaningless. What I played with in the story is the idea that you can titillate people by coincidence, you can make them think that something is a coincidence and get them attracted, so when Wildman comes into the restaurant, where Pandora is having lunch alone for once, he's followed her, she interprets that... it's never explained. So that's what is so sensual; he knows that. He knows that this is someone who will respond to that after what has happened. He does that because he knows coincidence is sexier. But his whole life is a strategy. But coincidence is sexier.

But at the end when he has bound her totally into this box, then he realises the only way to keep her is to allow her freedom, which relates to CAPTIVE, and its source, Paty Hearst.

They'll always come back. That's the thing you always do.

That's the idea he had from the beginning, that once he'd got her he knew she'd always

be there.

Yes, because what he has she is looking for. And that is one of the less palatable elements of the story. Which is why I suspect the book will be dismissed as trash. Because psychologically she sees the freedom locked up with him. That's not something everyone wants to talk about. But that's actually what it is. Whereas being free with Hammond is in fact slavery. Well what I haven't done is shown. For example, I've done something which will kill it in America, and that is that she's not an unhappy wife. You see to satisfy an American taste, she would have to be an unhappy wife to begin with. But she's not.

Towards the end of the book, having pursued various ideas about silence, you used terms like "Silence is golden", or "the disease of silence"...the playing out of all the different lines of thought.

I didn't want to confine the imagery or symbolism of the story to such an extent that everyone says I got it. In other words if you do that, then the minute you get it, it's lost. I wanted it to go on past the point, so there was always a meaning, always another.

At the end there is a Paulette, daughter of. She is silent too. So you know the sequel is about the daughter.

And the nicest thing of all she missed the thing in THE TIMES. There was a report but she missed it, whereas Hammond had looked extensively for the discovery of Wildman's car and the dead body and so forth.

Bataille. You said you couldn't read him...

I said the catholicism I don't really know, it's a second-hand thing for me. In other words unlike you I can't say I know exactly what he thinks. That for me is something I've learned but I don't really know. So therefore that aspect I don't get, but in other respects... But as for the particular guilts and references I don't fully understand them.

Is there anything in Bataille that is partly responsible for this book?

Yes, absolutely. It's the idea, the first scene, though I tried to avoid doing it like that. It's that the springboard of all relationships is sex, it can never be friendship. And to go on about friendship and soulmates is bollocks. You may fantasize about that, you may tell yourself we understand, bollocks. Take away the fucking and you're dead, or whatever it is you do, and you're dead. And that struck me when I first read Bataille. I couldn't believe that's what he was saying, maybe he wasn't but that was my version. I thought this man is a genius because he

said something so simple, so obvious that from there you can construct anything you want as to what sex is and all of that, but to try and ram friendship and love and affection into all of this is nonsense. They may or may not exist. But we all know that is crap. Sex is random, careless, mind-bending, but has absolutely nothing to do with love, friendship or any other fucking thing. It is only to do with what it is. But what it is will be constantly misunderstood if you don't connect it with things other than the social graces. That's what I got from Bataille that I've never got from anyone else. And I've never seen anywhere else. There's a hint of it in Gore Vidal strangely enough. He takes the Greek view there's only sex and friendship, there's no such thing as love etc. because there's no word for love in ancient Greek. But...if you can mix friendship and sex you're very lucky, they are not connected. If you happen to find someone and I think that is true, it's a very unpalatable thing. The whole point about

IIOMME FATALE was that it wasn't about a love story, it was a sex story. There's no love in this, it's so cold. It's like turning on the fire. You can heat the room but you are not seriously trying to tell me it's warm out there. And we should stop it now because that's what inflation is all about. It's a deliberate lie to make things...women are not more caring than men, that's also bollocks. They are made to be caring because that's the only role open to them. It's not that they are more demonic or anything either, but all of those things which come from sexual relationships essentially are nonsensical in my view and Bataille is the first and only person really who saw that it's not the same. And we are making a connection but we've got the wrong set of connections. And he saw a connection, like De Sade, with death and humour and vomiting and crapping and so forth. It's closer than love and friendship to sex, that's all.



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SHOCK SYSTEM CINEMA

The regular **DIVINITY** round up of subterranean film and video

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THE HOLY TRINITY

Richard Baylor is an American film-maker working in Britain. His first video release, **YOU'VE MADE YOUR BED...NOW DIE IN IT** contained three excellent short films in the tradition of US underground film-makers like Richard Kern and Nick Zedd. Now, he brings us his follow-up, **THE HOLY TRINITY**, another trilogy of titles that prove Baylor is a force to be reckoned with.

The trilogy kicks off with the only "narrative film of the three, **DEAD LOVE**. This is a fairly straight-forward story that opens with a seemingly happy couple strolling along romantically. It doesn't take long for the reality of the situation to become apparent, however – after his girlfriend burns toast, the man (played by Baylor himself) stubs a cigarette out on her arm. This is the start of an increasing cycle of abuse, as the man beats and attacks the girl continuously. Finally, pushed to the limits, she handcuffs him in his sleep and proceeds to hack him apart with a knife in an orgy of strobe-light madness. Baylor makes effective use of blue tinted lighting, sharp editing and music to create an atmosphere of psychotic intensity here.

If there is a downside to **DEAD LOVE**, it's simply that the film is too brief to develop the characters sufficiently. The viewer's sympathies and understanding of the girl's violent retribution aren't given a chance to fully develop. The film tends to fall between being a piece with a strong story to carry it through, and being an experimental effort. That said, there is much to commend here – assured direction from Baylor holds the film together well, and gives the moments of violence a degree of power that is all too often missing in British underground work.

Far more satisfactory than **DEAD LOVE** is **JESUS HATES YOU**, which dispenses with narrative structure to instead take a full-blown attack on religious dogma through cut-up techniques. This film received its UK premiere (in a slightly unfinished form) during **DIVINITY**'s ill-



DEAD LOVE

fated show at the 3rd Festival of Fantastic Films, where it made a strong impression on viewers. The film uses as its base a sequence of a young nun attending church to receive unholy communion with a priest's penis. Around this are woven images of religious and sexual mania – shots of the Pope and Christ are intercut with the victims of "holy wars", corrupt evangelists, burning crosses and howling klansmen...as the nun takes deliverance of a blood ejaculation onto the face, Baylor intercuts porno fellatio footage with phallic church spires. Driving the point home more forcefully, he includes shots of girls in laey black bras with crucifixes dangling provocatively between their breasts. Baylor takes the omnipresent undercurrent of sexual fetishism that is rampant in all (Christian) religious symbolism and thrusts it in our faces. It's a feast of nunsploration delirium as the cut-ups become ever faster and crazier as the film heads for its conclusion. Praise be!

The final film on **THE HOLY TRINITY** is **MY FUNNY VALENTINE**, a very short piece that in many ways parallels the themes of **DEAD LOVE**. As with that film, this takes a seemingly tranquil situation (here being an attractive young woman who poses in a series of crassly idealised tableaux) and reveals the dark side behind it. The girl is, in fact, deeply disturbed, distraught and suicidal, and only the sleeping pills have the answer. It's a small, intimate portrayal of mental anguish, and works extremely well.

This latest collection confirms Baylor's status as one of the most interesting and

exciting independent film-makers around in this country. Given the restrictions that surround small moviemaking here, he's worked wonders, and I look forward to seeing his next collection of work immensely.

ARCHIVE EMETICA

When it comes to underground film-making in the UK, I'm always pleasantly surprised to come across original, talented directors who are making innovative, powerful work against overwhelming odds. So I was naturally pleased to discover the work of Damon Barr, who's **FIRST DOCUMENT** startled and impressed me with its cacophony of bizarre and unsettling imagery.

Barr's latest production, made in collaboration with Marie-Anne Ferral is **ARCHIVE EMETICA**, and is equally striking. This film takes the surreal body-shock imagery of his previous work on step further, and adds colour to the monochrome madness of the first film.

Like **FIRST DOCUMENT**, **ARCHIVE EMETICA** is an experimental, non-narrative production, which bombards the viewer with an assortment of deeply unnerving sequences that positively drip of human disgust and sexual frenzy. There are constant images of slightly disturbed sexuality. A naked girl rolls on the beach while the soundtrack rumbles ominously. There are dark male masturbation fantasies of blood and puss. A bed-ridden figure vomits foul substances, while the walls drip and blood oozes. There's a gore-soaked sexual encounter, where the erotic ecstasy increases as the meat starts to fly. And there's plenty of meat – a red carpet of flesh and blood washes over the screen. Naked male and female figures smear themselves with it. A chicken decays in time-lapse/animation horror, mutating into a new form of life. Worms, insects and maggots squirm around like living organs and entrails.

The whole film has a powerful erotic charge, as it toys with aspects of SM and sexual extremity. Intercut with all this is

footage from a gay pride march, with scantily clad marchers flaunting their sexuality, rather than hiding it – a fact which only emphasises the feeling of sexual liberation here. Although the figures are writhing around in blood, they are in a state

of sexual fulfilment.

ARCHIVE EMETICA is a staggeringly good film. Flawlessly made, using a potent mix of 8mm film and modern video editing techniques, it builds up a powerful sense of erotic madness. The screen is awash with glowing colours, making the film a rainbow of excess. Truly glorious.

PORNOGRAPHY

Outside the (relatively) mainstream sex world of **ELECTRIC BLUE** and assorted girlie video distributors in the UK, there is a strange and subversive porno underground. Those of you who think that British made hard porn is a thing of the past just haven't been looking in the right places. I'm not just talking about the booming cottage industry of home-made sex video (fascinating as that is), but a professional, if secretive, industry supplying overseas demand officially, and UK interests on the side. Now, for the first time, these secrets have crossed over into the sub-culture of experimental film-making.

Describing itself as being "comments on the pornography industry from 'the inside'", Rico's **PORNOGRAPHY** is a startling piece of video experimentation. Its twenty-two minute running time is made of of four separate chapters, made between 1991 and 1992. These sections present us with differing aspects of the world of hard core porn...not all of them pretty.

In fact, the first section confronts us with aspects of the sex industry that even the most committed supporter of sexual freedom might find distressing. Headed **DRIVE (PHYSICAL ABUSE/MENTAL SCARRING)**, it assaults the viewer with a number of computer-enhanced/distorted images of violent sexual pornography (rape scenarios, brutal beatings, assorted abuse and much worse), together with less violent scenes featuring haunted and empty looking women. These are the drug-ravaged women who turn to the sex industry to make enough money to pay for the next fix. It's fairly harrowing stuff, but there is no clear message on display. Is porn to blame for these abuses, or is it simply reflecting society? Indeed, do these extreme offerings have any real connection with "the porn industry"? There are no answers, and the sequence only lasts for the length of its background music, which - very appropriately - is **DRIVE** by The Cars.

Part Two, you'll be relieved to hear, is considerably lighter -as, indeed, is the remainder of the film. Entitled **IS THIS CALLED "MODELLING"**, it's a mildly



amusing, rather more fascinating series of out-takes and cut-ups. Firstly, we're confronted with a large-breasted girl talking into the camera as she does what seems to be the intro to a phone-sex video. This is intercut with footage of her about to go down on a female co-star ("no I don't enjoy it", she complains, "not with a woman"). There's also footage of another girl being asked "do you like being fucked up the arse?" ("you dirty cunt!", she laughs in reply), and removing a penis from her mouth to object that she "can't do that" in response to an unheard request. This seems to be all about questions of enjoyment - is it real or false. The first girl talks about her aspirations and dreams, but is she telling the truth? Are the women genuinely happy in their work? And should we expect them to be?

Part three - **FLORA EROTICA** - will already be familiar to Torture Garden clubbers. Starting off as a typical soft-sex scenario (young woman sits down with a -presumably erotic book, lies back, opens her legs and begins to stroke herself), the footage changes as she pulls away her knickers. Instead of the expected public/genital display, the screen splits into four, with the footage blurring together in a kaleidoscope manner. As the classical

music in the background sweeps to its conclusion, the image on screen ceases to be sexual at all. A pornographic image has become a piece of surreal art. A thing of beauty.

The final sequence is a straight-ahead behind-the-scenes extract called **MISTER SOFTY**. This is what Denis Norden always wanted - XXX out-takes. Here we have a woman with unfeasibly massive breasts being fucked by a male co-star, who is having difficulty keeping it up. They try several positions, but to no avail. During one attempt, the background music finishes and Kid Jensen starts to read out the traffic report. Eventually, they start to argue. The whole thing is wonderfully amusing, yet also manages to convey both the boredom involved in shooting porn, and the ordinariness of it all. This is what it really is...forget the glamour, the excitement, the outrage. At the end of the day, it's about two people fucking in someone's bedroom, with the radio on in the background. And knowing that is tremendously endearing and inspiring.

DAVID FLINT

IN THE PINK

Stephen Ward probes the Japanese sexual subculture revealed in **Nicholas Bornoff's PINK SAMURAI**

In this exhaustive survey of sex in Japanese history and contemporary culture the author reveals the central paradox at the heart of today's Japan – between archaic, institutionalised manners, and the burgeoning, ultra-modern industry of fantasy sex. He documents the transformation of the old Japan into a society permeated by erotomania, a hyperreal, prurient world of delirious sexual exploration, drenched in blood, shit and sperm.

The Japanese are not burdened with a Christian sense of sexual guilt. Western concepts of absolute morality are irrelevant. Japanese morality is in a constant state of flux. It is a culture where eroticism is deeply engrained in the religious and social fabric of life, where representations of sexual or transgressive acts are judged purely on aesthetic grounds.

Japan is a society where contradictions abound, not just the clichéd historical dichotomy between the “sword and the chrysanthemum”. **PINK SAMURAI** portrays a Japan torn between the drama of concealment and blatant exposure; between social frustration and innocent sexuality; between the intensely physical and the fastidious; between the abandon of the “Open Steegi” (beaver) and the rigid constraints of social roles and codes. Homosexuality, for example, has a long tradition of tolerance in Japan. Male passion was, historically, perceived as the noblest of all ideals. Yet now, in an atmosphere of unrestrained permissiveness, it is barely tolerated. Gays, their very existence refuted

by the majority of their compatriots, have been forced into the closet, and are compelled to enter into heterosexual marriage if they wish to maintain their careers.

Individual rights are an alien concept to the Japanese; “WA” (harmony) is the cornerstone of society, the notion of consensus is a facade in a culture of facades. Complex hierarchies of honour and obligation serve as agencies of social control. The Japanese must always subordinate “Honne”, the private feeling or opinion, to “tatemae”, the public face, the way things ought to be.

The Japanese are endlessly solipsistic, agonizing over their cultural identity (with the concomitant quest for sexual identity), seeking to grasp or define that which differentiates them from others. Post 1945 this search for identity in the face of American cultural colonialism has taken perverse forms. Japan has become a master of appropriation, both technological and cultural, capitalising upon its boundless fascination with Western life and artefacts. It is a funhouse mirror in which the values, ideologies and products that it has been force-fed are reflected back at us in mesmerisingly new and distorted ways.

Japanese myth and religious ritual are steeped in sexuality. According to ancient creation myths the islands were formed from the solidified jissum produced when an incestuous brother and sister jerked off the “jewel spear of Heaven”. The islands remained in a state of uninhabitable chaos until the erection of a giant phallus that

separated the Heavens and the Earth. Many primal Japanese myths are essentially gynophobic; the Sun, the great Mother Goddess, from whom all life sprang, fled screaming into the underworld, having badly singed her cunt giving birth to the god of fire, thus plunging the world into darkness, and leaving it under the dominion of the “Dread Female of Heaven”, until one day she inadvisedly hitched up her robes, exposing her genitalia, the sight of which caused the whole universe to collapse into hysterical laughter, and she fled in shame. In Japanese folklore, the one sure way to defeat any demon or evil spirit, is to confront them with the sight of a naked vagina, which automatically renders them helpless with laughter.

Shinto religious ceremonies bulge with a fascination for sex and the sensual organs. In parts of Japan “laughing festivals” still occur where people stand and laugh at shrines containing representations of penises or yoni. Sex is the focal point of the numerous “Matsuri” (religious festivals) that still take place, a bacchanalian atmosphere of priapic revelry prevails; huge penises swagger through the streets like battering rams; children lick away at phallic lollipops, or bananas topped with circular blobs of pink chocolate, and are encouraged to fondle or even straddle the giant lingam; phallic signs, cakes and objects d'art are displayed. Male participants brandishing outsized phallic symbols knock on the doors of houses, and when admitted – set about “prodding” the female occupants (in the good old days, this prodding was done with the real thing). Matsuri are uninhibited mass releases of pent up sexual energy teetering on the brink of chaos.

In the pre-Twentieth century Japan, the world of Shogun, Samurai and Geisha, as now, an alternative hedonistic reality flourished beneath the hard lacquer of social propriety. A world of ritual defecation, institutionalised prostitution, where autoeroticism was refined into a high art, based around the worship of the “harigata” (dildo) – elaborately carved and decorated constructions made from porcelain or tortoiseshell.

This was the world of the Kabuki theatre, which, originating as a front for prostitution, developed into a truly populist theatre of innuendo, licentiousness and



erotic dissent. It was also the world of the "pillow book", encyclopedias of sexual pleasure, bestowed upon all young couples, repositories of indispensable and eloquent advice such as the following from the Seventeenth century scholar Tsung Hsuang, describing the six methods of penetration:

"One: pushing the jade stalk down and letting it move to and fro over the lute strings like a saw..."

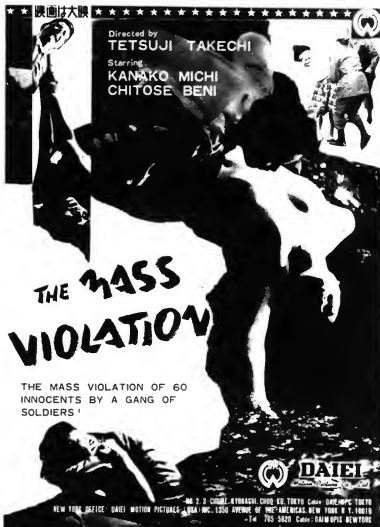
Two: hitting the golden gully over the jade veins as if one were cleaving a stone to discover the jade kernel..."

Three: letting the Positive Peak hit against the jewel terrace, like an iron pestle descending into the medicine bowl..."

In the rarified world of pre-lapsarian Japan prostitutes were an integral part of the nation's fabric, and brothels and theatres became the cynosures of a flourishing cultural and artistic life.

The most familiar artefacts from the "floating world" in the west are the "shunga" or erotic wood-block prints, the bulk of which depict sexual scenes. Nakedness is rare; usually the couple on the job are swathed in heavy clothing, yet the focus of attention is, invariably, the grotesquely stylised and colossal genitalia which, engaged about their business, seem to take on a life separate from that of their owners. Friends, family, children and bawdy onlookers hang about within the borders of the prints, commenting critically – like a greek chorus – on the action. Sometimes they hold the woman up in a convenient position for the man to get at, sometimes the children display their own miniature erections. Word balloons are often used, exclaiming things like "what a big one!" or "he's not up to much, is he?".

The seemingly immutable patterns of Japanese life were inexorably transformed by the devastation wrought by World War Two. In the years of the American occupation a desperate hedonism ran rampant in the ruins. The "floating world" of old transmuted into the "water trade", where all spheres of pleasure are components in a single synaesthetic universe. Geishas became corporate mascots, "sirens in the slit" or the gynaecological window dressing in the voyeuristic circus of the "Nudo Gejiko" (nude theatre). Japanese cities mutated into "empires of signs", whose nightlife became a venerated wonderland of erotic artifice, electronic fantasy and omnivorous desire, a kitsch and lurid landscape; **BLADE RUNNER**, Disneyland and **THE 120 DAYS OF SODOM** rolled into one – the landscape of the Pachinko Palace, of



Soapland, of the love hotel, the "no-panties" coffee shop, a world of vulvic stunts, where the gaping beaver rules.

Japan is a society inundated with pornography – every neighbourhood store or newsagent is crammed with porn mags, erotic Manga and adult videos. Vending machines are conveniently located on street corners, and the average salaryman feels no shame in openly poring over the most explicit material under the blaring lights of the commuter train. The once thriving Japanese film industry was saved from terminal decline by devoting itself, almost entirely, to the production of porn videos for home consumption. these are usually far more graphic than those available in the West. One of the most popular recent videos culminates in a deconstructionists wet dream, breaking down the barriers between the observer and the observed, where the director and crew, dissatisfied with the

starlet's performance and unconvinced of the genuine nature of her orgasms in the preceding film, pile in and proceed to gangbang her until they are convinced that she is genuinely satisfied.

In the Nudo Gejiko, the emphasis is on "Open Steegi". In addition to the usual stripping, dancing and posing, magnifying glasses are routinely handed around the audience for the ultimate in intimate inspection; dildoes are passed from salaryman to salaryman to be plunged repeatedly and gleefully into ever open orifices. The star performers in Nudo Gejiko are the pelvic musclewomen, whose prodigious feats sometimes defy belief. Using heavy duty tampons with a sturdy rope attached, and an ever eager salaryman as accomplice, apples are peeled and cored, and beer cans are ripped open, cutlery is bent in half, Uri Geller style, concealed cigarettes are catapulted by cunt-power into

the audience, rows of candles are extinguished with the force of one massive gash blast, Steegi are crammed with live eels and radishes, and messages of good luck are calligraphed onto sheets of paper with brushes gripped in their vitals. One famous Nudo was renowned for stuffing herself with a sturdy wad attached to a length of rope, selecting the heftiest member of the audience and crawling backwards, crabstyle, trundling him around the stage on a small cart to which the rope was attached.

Audience participation reaches its apotheosis in Honbanan Manaita, the ritual fucking of a volunteer, the socially inadequate, the infirm, the burns victim, the geriatric, all are subject to an intense genital inspection, welcome, but pissing, fondling or touching are forbidden. However, if you should fail to rise to the occasion whilst on stage, no-one will think any the less of you.

In spite of the cornucopia of guilt-free delights on offer, sexual insecurity is widespread amongst Japanese men. The pressures to conform and maintain the "public face" are immense and emasculating. The suspension of shame and responsibility can only be achieved in the world of erotic play. Even the universal sight of the pissed-up salaryman, clinging to his colleagues, staggering to catch the last train home, is not the result of a tension-busting binge, but of the extended drinking bouts that all employees are obliged to indulge in if they wish to progress in their careers. In the popular imagination, the salaryman is a figure of ribald fun, cowed by social pressure, inept in his relationships with his wife and children. When it comes to relationships with real women, not fantasy figures, the average male is severely fucked up.

The tradition of the rigid division of the sexes from an early age and the lack of opportunities to meet the opposite sex in adolescence are undoubtedly contributory factors to this sense of inadequacy. Couples are usually introduced by families, or at corporate parties, but when they do get to meet, opportunities to be alone are severely restricted. The fantasy environments of the "love hotels" provide one of the few available locations for their first, furtive copulations. A common, and surprising solution to the problem of male teenage sexual frustration, is incest between mother and son. "MammaSan", concerned that their offsprings' minds should be focused upon the all-important goal of academic achievement and undistracted by impure thoughts, will obligingly offer manual or oral relief of their sons' "honourable tinkle



tinkle", or even – although the incidence is comparatively rare – the full works.

Ambivalent Japanese attitudes towards female sexuality find some kind of resolution in the cult of the schoolgirl. Men and women are equally prone to this "Lolita complex", a penchant for jailbait. Numerous magazines, ostensibly aimed at teenage girls, are packed with cheerleader squat-shots and articles on "how to sex" or "the skills of taking it in the mouth". Animated pornography, such as the popular CREAM LEMON series, will feature such scenarios as cute nymphets with Bambi eyes performing sado-masochistic acts in a convent, or a brother gazing adoringly at the "effluvia of desire" running down his sister's legs before embarking upon brutal incestuous rape. The Japanese aesthetic has always been expressed in a fascination with

anonymous and artificial beauty. The dollwoman and the obsession with nymphets is part of this; puppetlike, androgyne beauties populate every department store, whose posture, every gesture and every utterance are rigorously drilled. The blank mask of the geisha was the ultimate dollwoman; the human work of art.

Allied to the obsession with schoolgirls and their "wareme chan" (dear little slits) is the Japanese fascination for panties. Scores of magazines are devoted to the display of this most powerful fetishistic icon, and it is not uncommon for women to be unsuspectingly probed with cameras on the street or subways for glimpses of their underwear.

Apart from voyeurism, nymphets and panties, the commonest Japanese sexual obsessions are scatology and sado-masochism. Fascination with faeces, farting and coprophiliac orgies has a long history. Societies exist that are devoted solely to the fastidious consumption of delicately scented shit deposited upon solid silver platters by beauties fed on a special diet perfumed with aromatic herbs. Some SM shows culminate with a communally administered enema; the audience being sprayed with the results, often accompanied by the surprise ingredient of a hail of marbles. One of the most popular "manga" chronicles the adventures of "Professor Toilet" whose exploit is solely concerned with delving into defecation.

The Japanese predilection for graphic portrayals of SM excess is deep rooted. The Kabuki theatre has been described as the art of presenting cruelty as a thing of beauty, a cruelty that doesn't feel like cruelty. Japanese SM is Artaudian in intensity and cathartic effect; the common audience response to scenes of explicit torture is one of laughter, defusing and exorcising the menace of real violence. Depictions of torture, rape and mutilation often verge on melodramatic self-parody, like the "Grand Guignol" taken to hysterical extremes. Usually set in a historical context and, invariably, featuring a kimono'ed beauty, trussed and gagged, who undergoes trial by sword, rope, whip and wax (sometimes with the added frisson of elephantine dildoes). Emphasis is placed on the techniques of bondage, the processes of which are lingered on in loving detail.

In Western pornography it is at least suggested that mutual, consensual enjoyment can be an integral part of sex, but in Japanese SM, females are generally depicted as either the innocent (or, sometimes, deserving) victim of rape and



torture, or as a predatory ogress, who thus "gets her come-uppance". Rape fantasies climax with the victim falling in love with the aggressor, or swooning with ecstatic fulfilment. The immensely popular Manga **RAPEMAN** features a seedy, Clark Kent character whose superhero alter-ego wears a Cambridge rapist style mask and a costume that leaves him naked from the waist down. He is contacted by jealous husbands, families who are worried that their daughters may be displaying lesbian tendencies, or other such malcontents, who pay him a fee to "sort out" the recalcitrant minxes. This he does by savagely raping them (if they prove particularly abduerate, they may have the additional pleasure of a savage beating thrown in, gratis), after which the victim is "cured" or "reformed" and becomes a loving, submissive wife or daughter again.

The relationship between pornographers and those who control the "water trade", and the police and state censors, is complex and

elastic, often taking the form of a cat and mouse game, with the former group finding ever more ingenious ways to circumvent legislation introduced by the latter. On the whole it is a symbiotic relationship of public displays of mutual antagonism, camouflaging an uneasy truce. A relationship based upon the tacit recognition that sex equals big yen, and has an invaluable function as social safety-valve.

However, there remains one vital issue upon which the authorities refuse to make concessions – the taboo against public display of pubic hair, which – if exposed – would, it seems, cause the very fabric of society to collapse. Hordes of elderly ladies, armed with brush and indelible ink assiduously eradicate even the merest hint of pubic fuzz from tens of thousands of foreign magazines imported every month. These rigorous prohibitions also apply to films, and here reach ludicrous extremes. All glimpses of pubic hair, however

fleeting, are zealously expurgated, dicks are deleted and beavers blurred with glycerine. Thus defaced, films take on a surreal and often more titillating quality than before. For example, author Nicholas Bornoff cites the attempts to pass the hard-core version of **CALIGULA** for Japanese exhibition. A special computer was programmed, at vast expense, to detect and eradicate the massed ranks of pudenda on display with blocks of light. Thus processed, the numerous nude crowd scenes became galaxies of little dancing stars.

In spite of the prevailing atmosphere of unrestrained carnality (and the increasing incidence of the disease) AIDS has had a negligible impact on Japanese sexual mores. The threat it poses is treated with scorn or indifference. In typical, xenophobic Japanese style, AIDS is popularly dismissed as the fault of, and a problem related to, Gaijin (foreigners), who routinely take the blame for anything that is felt to pollute the innate purity of Japanese society. AIDS is often treated as a joke – for example, a recent men's magazine carried a headline which read, in broken English, "AIDS panic shot all Japanese Sukebe (lecher) Man!", beneath which were photographs of two popular comedians whose faces were covered in black blotches. "Recently", announces the fat one, "I am healthy, become very slender". "Recently", adds the thin one, "I am very like Rock Hudson".

The Japanese, who regard themselves as direct descendants of the gods, consider other races as inherently inferior, barely human. Planeloads of Japanese "sex-tourists" rampage around S.E. Asia treating their neighbouring countries as gigantic brothels for them to pillage. In these places they are regarded with particular horror and disgust (as monsters even) by workers in the sex industries for their brutish and insensitive behaviour. A form of yellow slave trade still exists, recruiting snatch for Soapland, where young girls from Manila or Bangkok are enticed to Japan with promises of visas or work as "models" or "entertainers". Contemporary "comfort-girls", they are – upon arrival – sold to pimps and exploited as expendable commodities. This is the dark side of the Japanese erotic inferno.

PINK SAMURAI is an essential read for anyone who is even slightly fascinated by the endlessly intriguing minefield of Japanese sexual life.

PINK SAMURAI: The Pursuit And Politics of Sex in Japan Nicholas Bornoff (Grafton Books 1992)



World distribution by **SHOCHIKU CO., LTD.**

HOT CLOTHES FOR COOL WOMEN

Delores Haze squeezes into her rubber skirt and explores female fetish clothing emporium **LIBIDO**...

LIBIDO – the very name conjures up a host of images, but what does it mean when you call your shop **LIBIDO** – something naughty I hoped. I wanted to find out more, so I travelled to Camden Town to find out and met Debbie Pickford and Tina Shaw who run the emporium.

LIBIDO, as it turns out is an alternative clothing shop specialising in rubber, leather and “glamour” apparel mainly for women. The shop is small, but has a prominent appearance on one of Camden’s main shopping streets with a glassed-frontage displaying a rather wonderful red and black corset when I visited. The interior design tries to be rococo and overall the shop has a welcoming, rather cosy feel.

Why did you set up shop?

Tina: I’ve worked in shops that specialise in this kind of clothing for the past ten years. I had a brief stint at nursing but that didn’t work out. So, I decided that the life of a perry was for me. I worked in TV specialist shops, then Cocoon where I learnt how to make rubberwear, to She ‘n’ Me and I managed Skin Two for three years. I was made redundant and saw this as my chance to set up independently with Debbie. I’ve been wearing this kind of gear for eleven years.

Debbie: Its about time you washed it!

Tina: It gets polished a lot.

With “PervoShine”? (Spotting a tube of the same on the counter.)

Debbie: This is the Skin Two version. We call it Libido Liquid.

Tina: I got into this through my boyfriend who started the club ‘Submission’. I’ve been involved with the club for a while. My background is the club scene and Debbie the retail. It’s a good match.

Is there an in-house philosophy?

Both: **HOT CLOTHES FOR COOL WOMEN!**

Debbie: It’s a shop by women for women although we stock a little menswear for them to shuffle through whilst their partners are trying on in the changing room.

What would you class as a cool woman?

Debbie: Any woman with imagination and a feeling that she’d like to dress up and be someone else for a while – satisfy her alter ego.

For a night?

Debbie: For however long she wants to.

Tina: Cool women have an attitude – what we consider the “right” attitude – easy-going, liberated, wear what they want, when they want. They aren’t frightened to do so and they’re their own people. I’m not a feminist, though, don’t confuse me with a feminist.

Don’t you think it’s the same thing really?

Debbie: Sometimes when couples come into the shop it’s obvious that it’s the man who wants her to wear this gear. She stands in the middle of the floor looking around thinking “oh my god” whilst he rummages about saying “try this on, this one and this one”. She’s obviously not into it at all.

How do you deal with that situation?

Debbie: We would make a comment like suggesting they started with lycra and velvet – it’s not half as frightening as trying on rubber, especially if you haven’t worn it before. We suggest that and sometimes he’ll go... (pulls a face) and says “I should’ve gone somewhere else where they would sell me anything.” We are of the opinion here that if the woman doesn’t want to wear it, she shouldn’t have to.

That makes sense.

Debbie: Also if someone tries something on and it doesn’t look good, we’ll tell them.

How do you do that?

Debbie: We’ll suggest someone is the wrong shape or whatever and suggest an alternative because if someone comes out of our shop and goes out in our clothing and looks bad, it reflects on us. We don’t want their friends saying “who persuaded you to buy that?”. We want to make sure every woman who comes and buys looks the very best she can.

How do you cater for the larger women (which in this society means anything over

a size 14, despite the fact that 50% of the British population is over size 14)?

Debbie: We stock large sizes, but to many manufacturers that means a size 14, although it does differ.

Tina: They do stretch as well. We have a 16-18 size customer who looks good in the clothes marked large. We also offer the made to measure service, although it does cost slightly more.

Does that involve a long wait?

Debbie: We say up to 28 days, but quite often it’s shorter and we try our best to supply if someone has a special occasion in mind.

Do you sell much stock to TVs?

Debbie: Not a great deal, although we welcome them. We stock large sizes and can get clothes made to measure.

Tina: We cater for all the sexes – all three. Whatever you want to be, you can be it with us.

Many of your clothes are quite flamboyant – is that reflected in your customers?

Debbie: We sold one of these to a French singer (feels translucent rubber dress, skin coloured with red nodules in rude places) – it was for her stage act. I like to wear these dresses inside out. Lily Savage, the drag artist comes in, Pete Burns (Dead or Alive) has been in on quite a few occasions. Ben from Curiosity Killed the Cat comes in. Frank Bough hasn’t visited us yet, though.

Tina: He hasn’t?

Debbie: No, we don’t sell bondage equipment.

(At this point I should say that throughout the interview, there had been an enormous amount of activity – people popping in, phones ringing all over the place and so on.

I get the feeling that you’re trying to create much more than a simple shop.

“Lorry drivers on the road outside look in sometimes, but that doesn’t seem to bother our customers as they are on the outside.”

Debbie: It's a social area. So many regulars visit and it's a happy, friendly atmosphere. It's somewhere to come for a chat or a coffee. We encourage a social atmosphere.

Might that be a problem at some point?

Debbie: It only poses the problem of men hanging around when women are trying on clothes. Because the goods are of a sexual nature, women like to try them on and get a full view so they have to come into the shop for a full length mirror. Some women quite like the exhibitionism but some are intimidated. We have to ask the men to leave sometimes. Lorry drivers on the road outside look in sometimes, but that doesn't seem to bother our customers as they are on the outside.

(Whilst both are distracted by 'phone calls and customers, DIVINITY flicks through a

copy of Madonna's SEX - released the previous day - on the counter.)

I see you're asking for donations to "Spanner" to take a look at SEX. Do you see the shop as having a political role?

Tina: No but "Spanner" is the one organisation we both feel strongly about, although a lot of our customers don't have a clue what it's all about.

Debbie: We decided to display SEX because a lot of people won't want to buy the book as it's so expensive and they can't take a peek as it's all sealed up. We got a copy for the shop because firstly we wanted to look at it and we'll try to raise some money for a good cause at the same time.

I believe HMV in the US are charging 50p to have a look at books in special booths.

Tina: *(Incredulously, imagining the sight)*

In booths?

Debbie: It's like a peep show and it's 50p a minute.

What's the normal age range of your customers?

Tina: 18-80. The occasional schoolgirl peeps round the door and runs away. They're too young to be in here anyway. The average age of most of our customers is twenties to thirties, and some forties. We get a lot of businesswomen who want to spice up their sex life. Bored housewives, girls, models etc.

If someone says "I want to pep up my sex life", what is your response?

Debbie: We had a lot of women doing that after the magazine article in **FOR WOMEN**. They come in and buy some bits and pieces and some 'phone up and give us fantastic feedback. Many are so pleased, they come back to us.

Is feedback important to you?

Tina: Yes, that's the nice part of this business. People are interested and up-front.

You have a wonderful selection of coloured rubber here

Debbie: Yes, not everybody wants to dress in black. People are easily frightened off if they see a shimmering expanse of black rubber *(not this girl!)* Coloured rubber is good if you're fashion conscious. You can mix the colours too - we have a lot of red and black garments very fetishistic. We also have this emerald green number *(a DIVINITY favourite)*, royal blue, maroon, yellow, pink, whatever.

Also, we stock this brilliant translucent rubber, in a cream colour it's very sexual. I think it's more rude than any of our other stock. It's like a condom or surgeon's transparent gloves - which I have an absolute passion for - the really thin ones. I love slipping them on and twanging them *(Dreamy, far away look on face)* - get out the bucket of water quick!

I have my own personal supply. These skirts are fabulous though, you can just see a glimpse through them - very teasing. Many girls wear them without anything underneath. *(Not on the tube I bet).*

What's your best seller?

Tina: These leather halter neck tops and simple rubber dresses - you could go out in either of these and not look too extreme.

Who are your suppliers?

Debbie: Ectomorph, Christopher Anderson, Modern Armour, Tight Situation and bits and pieces from Thunderpussy.



Photo by: Ronald Mackechnie

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“It’s like a condom or surgeon’s transparent gloves – which I have an absolute passion for – the really thin ones. I love slipping them on and twanging them”

Are you planning to extend the stock?

Tina: Yes, we’ve started our own designing now. They tend to be oncoffs and a mixture of leather, rubber, latex and perhaps chiffon. Unusual. We tend to design for ourselves. If we like it then normally someone else will too.

And any plans for expansion? What’s next?

Debbie: Well, we’ve managed a year now which is not bad in these recessionary times. We don’t get paid a lot, only when we’ve had an exceptional week, but we normally put all the profits back into the business. We have a video/catalogue coming out in the new year. The original music was written for us by a guy called Mulligan and it’s extremely high quality shooting and well choreographed. You can actually see the clothes moving and get a much better idea about them. You can see the shapes and it’s much more pro-active.

There’s been a lot of popular press about fetishism. Do you think it’s a flash in the pan?

Tina: Absolutely not. Because of AIDS, people have to be a lot more aware of different and additional sides of their sexuality, apart from the obvious. A lot of fetishism is mind sex, phschoological, fantasies, games.

Debbie: You can tie each other up and play games without necessarily having intercourse. No exchange of bodily fluids. Tina: Sex with tease. Some clothing is much more erotic than no clothing at all.

I wear rubber to work and I get quite a few comments of surprise. Do you think rubber will ever become socially acceptable in the way that say leather has done?

Tina: Not so long ago, leather was a taboo fabric. PVC and plastic are now becoming more fashionable. Daniel James first brought it into the fashion world and other designers have now started using it. Also Gaultier has helped it to become more widely-used.

Debbie: I don’t think it will ever become as widely used as leather and as acceptable either.

Tina: The shame is that it’s environmentally friendly for animal lovers. It’s easy to clean, it’s warm. Rubber doesn’t lose its shape. The noise is difficult though and the smell, but you do get used to that very quickly. It can be offputting though.

Debbie: Yes, some people link it to childhood experiences at the dentist – the dreaded mask. A woman came in recently and had to leave almost immediately because it reminded her of a trip to the dentists!

Are you planning to branch into other areas of stock? For example, you said you don’t sell bondage gear.

Debbie: I’d like to have a shop with up-front fashion and somewhere secret at the back full of tasteful erotic books. For example, I’ve posed for some of the pictures in a soon to be released book by Keith Randall. There will be some fantastic and fetishistic ‘photos’. We had a great time doing it and some of the pictures are really whacky.

Will you stay in Camden?

Debbie: Most definitely, we love it here. It’s very cosmopolitan and busy with a massive cross-section of people. Also there’s a Marks and Spencer Food Hall. (Very important for all fetishists).

Thank you.

Well, Libido is here to stay and here to stay in Camden. I thought it would be the perfect place to begin your rubber collection. The best place I’ve seen for gorgeous coloured rubber – a veritable rainbow leaps out at you from the rails. I did think some of the clothes were quite expensive, but if you want something different, maybe you have to pay for it. Also it’s not the place you will leave with a white elephant purchase – Debbie and Tina will make sure of that. You’re bound to purchase something you’ll enjoy and want to wear and wear.

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NOISEWORKS

The finest in aural annihilation and musical mayhem are subjected to the Divine clapometer

Last issue I raved about Alice Donut's single **MAGDELENE**. Now comes the album, **THE UNTIDY SUICIDES OF YOUR DEGENERATE CHILDREN** (Alternative Tentacles CD), a magnum opus of epic proportions that can best be described as the aural counterpart to Jorg Buttgereit's **DER TODESKING**. The Donut's drag the listener through a series of death ridden scenarios, rocking and shocking you into quivering submission. It's a record that takes heavy metal into the realms of credibility, bends the rules of indie-pop culture and spits in the face of Seattle grungers. It's a noisy, nasty, irresponsible and downright danceable slice of unholy madness, with a hefty booklet of lyrics, musings, short stories and warped imagery to keep your eyeballs on the same level of delirium as your ears. Yep, it's pretty impressive stuff. One can't help wondering, though, if the band aren't digging their own grave here. After all, in a world where Judas Priest can be taken to court for supposedly causing suicide through "subliminal messages", what can be done to a Donut that shoves the message in your face?

Fresh from their triumphant acquittal in the **LORD HORROR** appeal, David Britton and Michael Butterworth unleash **SAVOY DIGITAL ANGST** (Savoy CD) upon the world. And if you thought that the lads would be avoiding the wrath of the establishment from now on, think again! This four track affair not only pays warped "tribute" to IRA men Bobby Sands and Kevin Barry, but also has Irish revolutionary song **THE OLD FENIAN GUN** reworked in a truly bizarre manner, and a danced-up version of **GOD SAVE THE QUEEN** (that's the national Anthem, not the Sex Pistols number). It's a strange and indescribable mix that has its tongue firmly in its cheek, and acts primarily as a quick two fingered salute to the powers that be. Interestingly, the press have so far failed to rise to the bait. Ahh well... better luck next time.

Monte Cazazza is one of the most intriguing figures on the sub-culture circuit. The man who coined the phrase "industrial music", he worked with Throbbing Gristle in the Seventies, and was later a member of Psychic TV. He's also worked with Survival Research Laboratories, been



Monte Cazazza

involved in assorted Re/Search projects, contributed to **APOCALYPSE CULTURE**, and was the creative force behind one of the most extreme Mondo movies ever, **TRUE GORE. THE WORST OF MONTE CAZAZZA** (The Grey Area of Mute Records CD) is a collection of his recorded works, from Industrial records singles in the Seventies through to Nineties material, and serves as an excellent introduction to the man's oeuvre. Musical styles run from the highly experimental through the relatively commercial work of his band The Atom Smashers. Never less than fascinating, and frequently excellent, this is a highly worthwhile purchase.

Con-Dom's - **OII YE OF LITTLR FAITH** (Tesco Organisation 7") is a mini masterpiece. **PATRIOTISM** throbs and oozes its way deep into your unconsciousness, acting as the perfect relaxer - brutally beautiful. **PRAYER ANSWERED** is a clever reconstruction of Madonna's finest moment, **LIKE A PRAYER**. Awesome stuff indeed.

Consolidated obviously feel that there is no greater crime than to be a white heterosexual meat-eating male, and **FRIENDLY FASCISM** (Netzwerk CD), like the rest of their work, spends much of its time attacking this group. Which is a pity, because any worthwhile message that they might be trying to put across is lost in the tirade of mindless hate. A couple of cuts - most notably **BRUTAL EQUATION** and **WE GOTTA HAVE PEACE** - manage to combine powerful rapping with serious political comment, but on the whole, it's a vitriolic dose of self-flagellation from a band who obviously feel distraught that they can't do more than become vegetarians to enter the realms of political correctness. This is for dated male feminist subscribers only. Jason Rawhead's **BLACKBOX** (Play It Again Sam CD) throws up a new hybrid for us to chew on: Reggae Metal. A ragga rap is drowned by an onslaught of guitar-based mayhem on this single, and the result is mighty pleasing to the ear. Totally impressive and unbendingly honest, this is as much proof as anyone could need that the deterioration of musical boundaries can only be a good thing. Dee-litful.

SUNLIGHT PENETRATES THE CROWN (Minus Habens CD) is the latest piece from experimental electronic musician Jouissance. As with his other work, it has a hypnotic pulse to it that works on an almost subconscious level. This is the acceptable face of mood music, as it trips and hums over fifty seven haunted minutes. This is the kind of music best appreciated in a dark room at high volume. Breathtakingly gorgeous.

SIADOW WEAVER (Play It Again Sam CD) from The Legendary Pink Dots is pretty dull stuff. Potentially interesting tunes are drowned at birth, and the whole thing is neither noisy enough, experimental enough or commercial enough to work on any level. Many Pink Dots also crop up on The Tear Garden's **THE LAST MAN TO FLY** (Netzwerk CD), and I'm afraid the end result is much the same - meandering nonsense that is remarkably easy to ignore.

Lull is a project from Napalm Death drummer M.J. Harris, though don't expect to hear anything resembling that band on **DREAMT ABOUT DREAMING** (Sentrax CD). Rather, this is an hour of haunting, flowing music that has been described as "the soundtrack to non-

existent horror movies". Indeed, it has an air of menace and dark foreboding to it that hangs thick in the air as the music plays. Eerie and brilliant.

Harris is also mixed up with Scorn, and their latest opus, **DELIVERANCE** (Earache CD) thumps and growls across five reworked versions of the title track with malevolent brutality. This is music to raise the dead by, with its pseudo-satanic ritualistic feel and rhythmic tones of terror. Unsettlingly good stuff.

Psychic TV's **DREAMS LESS SWEET** (IRS CD) originally appeared in 1983, and was the centre of much attention, as it used the new revolutionary "holophonic" recording technique. Holophonic sound was a three-dimensional sound system that recreated the reality of live sounds in a truly astonishing way. Sound didn't simply move from left to right and vice versa, but could also come from in front, behind or any other angle. Listened to on headphones in a darkened room (as was the recommended method), it was a remarkable experience, and was heralded as being the most important technical discovery since stereo. Unfortunately, it only appeared on this and a couple of Pink Floyd records before vanishing from the public consciousness. A pity, as it was far superior to the new darling of techno buffs, Q sound. Perhaps the problem was that most bands have little use for standard stereo, let alone anything more expressive. Take this album, for instance. Even PTV seemed at a loss about just how to incorporate it into their music, and so the LP was split into various bits of experimentation (the musical equivalent of a 3-D demo film waving objects in your face) and standard songs that had no use for the process. Still, the album is a good one, with some pleasant numbers from Gen and the gang, recorded before he became The Sickest Man In Britain. The quality of music, and the added novelty of this audio revolution makes this a worthy purchase on CD.

Also blasting from the past are Swans with **COP/YOUNG GOD** (IRS CD), remastered but still as brutal as you'd hope for. This vintage (1984) recording shows the band at their savage best, and will lead to ear-bleeding satisfaction when played at the only volume possible - Very Loud Indeed. As with all early Swans work, this is essential stuff.

Finstest compilation CD out right now is **NAIVE** (Earache CD), a ludicrously cheap sampler that features the likes of Pitch Shifter, Fudge Tunnel and Scorn thundering away as if their lives depended on it. A true wall of sound, this is the ideal

record to take along to very dull parties that need instantly enlivening. It was rumoured that the record would vanish from the shops due to bottled water manufacturers Evian being unable to see the humour of the sleeve (a recreation of one of their bottles - spell Evian backwards to see the joke), but it seems to have weathered the storm. For the price, this is a must.

DAVID FLINT

My first run in with the male duo Smell And Quim was with the one-sided flexidisc called **SCUM-GRIEF**. It's a haunting number that sounds like a herd of whales (*er, shouldn't that be school of whales?...Ed*) singing to each other, to the accompaniment of a delectable heart thud and a clattering of tin souls in the background. This was enough to make me strip off, daub myself with blood and semen, and try their **JESUS CHRIST LP** (Stinky Horse Fuck Records). The seven tracks develop the ideas started by the flexi - that of sound collages and tape loops - and explores the tantric landscape that'll make you sweat with an unreasonable sense of fear and anticipation. It's quite an extraordinary, paranoia inducing album that is layered with whispers and noise, clatters and buzzes, clanks and harshness. Same sort of feeling that the old Throbbing Gristle LP's used to leave you with. If speaking in tongues and pricking your skin is your kind of thing, then this LP won't disappoint. It's limited to a numbered edition of one thousand copies, so hurry! Both the flexi and the LP (and Lord knows how many other projects are available from Milovan Srdanovic, 329 Blackmoorfoot Rd, Crosland Moor, Huddersfield, W. Yorkshire HD4 5RA.

American sax symbols Borbetomagus have always been known to take their jazz just a little bit more "out" than most. Since their two sax/one guitar line up abandoned the concept of rehearsing several years ago, it allowed them to come closer to the original spirit of jazz by just blasting it out on stage like their lives depended on it. And boy, does it show. The vicious **SNUFF JAZZ LP** (Agaric Records, Route 1, Box 26, Haring Avenue, Sparkhill, New York 10976, USA) is two sides of live sonic murder recorded in Washington 25/8/89 and NY 24/11/88, and is by far the most extreme album I've ever heard. Not many albums, if any, leave the listener physically and mentally exhausted, but this one does the trick. Like being molested in your own home. This is not a record, this is an act of war. Not for the weak of heart. Listen to Alice and John Coltrane's track



MANIFESTATION on the **COSMIC MUSIC LP** top give yourself an idea of where Borbetomagus' roots are.

A much less upsetting experience is next-big-thing Pavement and their new four track **WATERY, DOMESTIC CD** single (Big Cat Records). They claim to have recorded it in a waterbed storage room, but what do I know? I've never rated Pavement much above the schoolkids-playing-at-being-Sonic Youth level, and their recent and over-rated **SLANTED AND ENCHANTED** album proved that. But for this single they have abandoned the noise and the pretensions, leaving what is an infinitely better sound. Basic, solid, tuneful songs. It won't shove you around but there isn't a hint of twopeness about it. If you must contemplate your navel, then this is the way to do it. Nice. I hear they've now signed up with a big time grey-suits record company.

Watch 'em pose for photos with Nirvana and all the other Sub Poopers.

Now, compilations are unpredictable little buggers at the best of times. I've not heard one yet that contains one hundred per cent heppiness. This also applies to the **OBJEKT 5 CD** (LaddFrith Records, P.O. Box 967, Eureka, CA 95502, USA). Fifteen bands cough up one track each on this sixty-eight minute album and most of them are surprisingly impressive. Highlights include tracks by Blackhouse, Dive and Tomografica Assiale Computerizzata, all of whom let the sounds whirl, swoop, grunt and spin before your very ears. Sort of like a soundtrack to a surreal dream. A particular favourite is the Japanese band SCore. A gungey (as opposed to grungy) tone slows and speeds to its death while the echoes of restlessness battle in the distance. For those who prefer a hint of rhythm in your musical explorations, there's stuff to please you by Cymai and Vox Populal!, among others.

For a more fuckedbeat there's De Fabrick, who sound like acid soaked whiteboy dub, which is promising but unfulfilled. Other bands included are The Haters, In The Distance, Liliith, Nightmare Lodge, Psyclones, Q.R. Ghazala, Ralph Carney and Vidna Obmana. All in all, another impressive compilation by this label with few reservations. Special mention goes to Julie Frith, who's graphics and layout work on the cover and CD itself are worth a longer look. The cover is a handmade cardboard foldout thing, which feels good in the hands. Comes with a little booklet containing whatever you need to know on the bands. Nice package. Oh, and the CD is limited to a numbered edition of one thousand.

One of the good things about doing a "fanzine" is that you get to hear stuff you normally would have missed. Usually the stuff is diabolical, but every now and then a gem turns up that restores your faith in the world of industrial pish. One particularly inspiring CD that popped through the letterbox was by Canadian duo Violence And The Sacred. The CD, called **THE SONG OF LABRADOR** (Artware Records, Donna Klemm, Taunustr. 63b, 6200 Wiesbaden, Germany) came wrapped

in a colour map of Labrador (that's the place, not the dog you fool!). As a sucker for maps, grids and all things geometrical, this bode well for a favourable listen. The album didn't fail to deliver. Tones come and go like a humanised machine, as icebergs and submarines threaten to engulf you in this wintry landscape. But what does it sound like? The only thing I can liken it to is the sound of a virus at war with your cells. They pulse, throb, and finally fuzz to oblivion. What separates this from the usual run-of-the-mill electric tamperers is their apparent innate sense of space. It gives you room to breathe...and then snuffs you out with your own fears of engulfment. An absolute joy to listen to. It's another one of these beastly Ltd Editions, this time numbered and limited to five hundred. This you must get if you are even remotely interested in electric landscapes. Yield to it.

On the guitar front, psyche/trance band Sun Dial have a new four track 12" in non-edible green vinyl. Titled **FRAZER** (UFO Records), it brings the band into a more poppy and accessible field. Sort of Pop-Meets-Loop, with Pop winning the argument. The track **OUT OF PLACE** is just out and out dancey music with its non-

thug beat. Not one of their finer moments, but it'll do 'til their next trip. Incidentally, their first LP was spotted recently in a London shop for £40.00. Ever get the feeling you're not being told something?

As far as guitar twang goes, easily the finest moment is the CD by Cul De Sac titled **ECIM** (Capella records). These Boston boys just get better and better. Like the best psychedelic (oops!) album that was never recorded. Guitars, slides, echoes and a line of sound all their own. The mainly instrumental album travels at its own pace with no sense of clockwatching or the outside world. A fine follow-up to their recent 7" on Shock Records. The Doors wished they were this good. Not even close, Jim.

HASSNI M



THE HOLY TRINITY

BY RICHARD BAYLOR



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PSYCHO-OPTICAL CULTURE

The recent batch of arts and craft outpourings studied and sorted

VIDEO

Connoisseur Video have come up with a real gem to kick start 1993, in the shape of **BOYS WILL BE BOYS**, an early film starring that comic genius Will Hay. here, we find Hay in his familiar role as schoolmaster – only he's not Benjamin Twist, and the school isn't St Michaels. Rather, here Hay plays Dr Alec Smart, newly appointed head of Narkover school – a breeding ground for criminals.

The film is a little slow to start, but soon finds its stride, and rolls along hilariously, with Hay bumbling and stumbling from one moment to the next, being outwitted by crafty crooks, yet always managing to beat them at their own game. Despite the absence of his regular partners Graham Moffatt and Moore Marriott, this is marvellous stuff which blows most current comedy releases away with consummate ease. It's directed by William Beaudine, the legendary B-movie master who brought the world classics like **MOM AND DAD**, **BILLY THE KID VS DRACULA** and **JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER**.

Also from Connoisseur comes Tony Richardson's powerful epic **TME CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BGADE**, presented widescreen to ensure that you miss none of the breathtaking cinemascope visuals. This story of one of the biggest and costliest mistakes in military history is both fascinating and infuriating. The first hour of the film, which concentrates on the build up of events leading to the Crimean war, is particularly irritating. Charles Woods' screenplay has deliberately stylised dialogue, that acts to show both the emptiness of the people and highlight the mocking attitude of the film. This is all well and good, but it also has the effect of making the characters into one dimensional figures, who we can neither like or despise very much. The acts of cruelty (vicious floggings for the "shirking of duty") and the vile snobbishness and insane pettiness of those in power fail to have the impact that they should, because the viewer feels distanced from the story. It's not until the second half of the film, when the story moves to the Crimea, and the build up to the ill-fated charge, that it starts to become a masterpiece. Here, the madness and horror of war are constantly present, as is the fact

that the upper classes used force and floggings to make their soldiers fight in what they saw as little more than a jolly romp. The charge itself is brutal and chaotic.

Nobody comes out of the film well. The characters of Lord Cardigan (Trevor Howard), Lord Raglan (John Gielgud) and Lord Lucan (Harry Andrews) are almost comically deranged, and it's only the knowledge that these men really did exist and really did cause mass slaughter that keeps you from laughing out loud at their eccentric antics. The soldiers under their command have a pathetic loyalty – after being sent into the valley of death, the survivors cheer Cardigan and offer to try again! The one vaguely sympathetic character, Nolan (David Hemmings in archetypal "angry young man" form) despises the cruelty shown to the men by their leaders, and rebels constantly, but he is as keen on war as the rest...and it is his error that sends the Light Brigade to their doom.

The film is visually stunning – some of the panoramic battle scenes compare in sound and fury to those in **APOCALYPSE NOW**, with which **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE** has much in common. The acting is flawless (though Trevor Howard does appear to be rehearsing for his role as Sir Henry Rawlinson some ten years later!), and Richard Williams' animated interludes, although rather heavy handed in their satirical intent, still hold up well, without seeming either too gimmicky or too out of place.

For some reason, this film is only available in WH Smith, which is a pity, as this surely cut its market potential somewhat. Despite the sluggish first half, it is a pretty essential purchase, and stands as one of the few successful British epics.

Coming at you in February are the first batch of fetishistic delights from new label Redemption Films. Of this opening five, the "thank God someone's finally got around to releasing *that*" award goes to Tinto Brass' stormtrooping classic **SALON KITTY**. This is the film that, together with **THIR NIGHT PORTER** and David Friedman's grisly **ILSA, SHE WOLF OF THE SS**, paved the way for a slew of Nazi exploiters that flooded forth from Italy during the mid-Seventies. Detailing the adventures of ambitious, megalomaniac SS officer



Vallenberg (played without the slightest restraint by Helmut Berger), the film plays on the old "brothel doubling as spy centre for weeding out traitors" story, and runs the gamut from pure cinematic genius to high camp nonsense, often during the same scene. With a plethora of kinky brothel scenes, some breathtaking dialogue and Teresa Ann Savoy practising for her **CALIGULA** role by doffing her togs and spreading her legs at the slightest provocation, this is a must for all art-sleaze lovers.

A couple of Mario Bava horror classics continue the Redemption line. **MASK OF SATAN** is the complete version of Bava's masterpiece **BLACK SUNDAY**, and is the movie which launched Barbara Steele into a decade long career of supernatural shennanigans in Italy. Here she plays a condemned witch who returns to take vampiric revenge. The plot's not so stunning, but the film is, with moody, eerie black and white cinematography and a genuinely haunted atmosphere. Essential. The other Bava film is **LISA AND THE DEVIL**, which is a fascinating, unsettling but disjointed study of occultism and necrophilia. It doesn't compare to Bava's astounding Sixties works, but still shows up most other horror directors to be talentless hacks in comparison. The film is probably more interesting for it's history – shot in

1972, it played the Cannes festival, where it stunned critics, who raved about its beauty. It also failed to find a single distributor anywhere, and, after a couple of years of trying unsuccessfully to release it, producer Alfred Leone had to shoot some EXORCIST inspired footage of Elke Sommer vomiting and blaspheming, re-edit the movie and release it as **HOUSE OF EXORCISM**...which, of course, he had no trouble selling. The original version remained unseen until 1990, when the BBC broadcast it. Now it's out on video. You lucky people.

Somewhat rarer is **'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE**, which has Charlotte Rampling romping around naked with Oliver Tobias, in a beautifully shot tale of incest and murder, directed by Giuseppe Patroni Griffi from the John Ford play.

Finally from Redemption comes the tacky nunsplotation "classic", **KILLER NUN**, which has Anita Ekberg, naughty nuns, lesbian sex, needles in eyes and naked male corpses... though not in that order. This was briefly a Video Nasty, before the DPP realised that it was too insignificant for even the British courts to bother with. Still, those of you with the taste for dirty habits will need no further prompting to grab this.

DAVID FLINT



SALON KITTY

FILM

There have been three very different movies broadly dealing with sexual



SINGLE WHITE FEMALE

psychosis on general release since the last **DIVINITY** hit the streets. Most notable, of course, was David Lynch's astonishing **TWIN PEAKS - FIRE WALK WITH ME**, which answered none of the questions thrown up by his seminal TV series, and alienated just about everybody. *Mc, I loved* this strange, deeply unsettling and nightmarishly erotic film. Although it possesses many of the elements that characterised the series (quirky humour, unexplained surrealism), the movie has a much darker edge to it. Unfettered by TV restrictions, Lynch has come up with his darkest work to date - a nightmare vision of the fetid underbelly of the American Dream, where squalid sex, hard drugs, incestuous rape and violent death are the order of the day. It's notable that all the humorous moments in the film come in the prologue, where FBI agents Chris Isaak and Kiefer Sutherland investigate the murder of Teresa Banks, the first victim of "Bob"/Leland Palmer. Once we get into the story of the last seven days of Laura Palmer, the film is unrelentingly brutal. It's this fact (together with the absence of many much loved characters from the series) that has alienated so many "Peakies". But as much as **TWIN PEAKS** was a revolutionary TV show, so this film pushes cinema to new frontiers. It's a thoroughly uncompromising piece from a visionary film-maker, and I suspect that once the Lynch backlash has subsided, it will be recognised as his finest achievement.

Roman Polanski's **BITTER MOON** is an altogether different kettle of fish. Here we have the classic tale of sexual obsession and abuse, that can be indirectly linked to his other two forays into this dark world,

REPULSION and **THE TENANT**. The new film isn't quite up to their standard, primarily because it's been unnecessarily stretched to a two and a quarter hour running time. If Polanski had taken his editing shears and removed an hour of footage, the finished film would be considerably tighter. As it is, **BITTER MOON** is still an impressive piece of psycho-sexual delirium. Peter Coyote is the tailed writer who gets into a relationship with stunning Emmanuelle Seigner (aka Mrs Polanski). After running the gamut of sexual exploration, he tires of her, but she begs him not to leave her. The relationship takes a warped turn as he treats her like dirt, constantly abusing and humiliating her - the final straw coming when he forces her to have an abortion and then sends her on a one-way trip overseas. After having his leg broken in a road accident, Coyote is visited in hospital by the now confident Seigner, who - in a genuinely shocking moment - cripples him for life, and then promises/threatens to "look after him"...

BITTER MOON is a powerfully emotional piece - a number of scenes felt a little too close to home for more than one member of the audience, I can assure you. It represents a return to form for Polanski, who's recent work has been less than inspired.

Last, and certainly least in this trilogy of movies comes **SINGLE WHITE FEMALE**. While director Barbet Schroeder has come up with a few darkly erotic moments in his career (**MAITRESSE**, for example), this is a minor work - a quick snack between more substantial meals. It's the latest in a line of major studio productions that pretend not to be horror movies, but simply exist to reinforce the old slasher film adage of

"don't...". In the old days, we had low budget films warning us not to go in the house, the cellar, open the door, answer the phone, etc. Nowadays, we're told to have extramarital sex (**FATAL ATTRACTION**), hire a nanny (**THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE**), remarry (**THE STEPFATHER**), or take a lodger (**PACIFIC HEIGHTS**). The "don't" here is "get yourself a flatmate", as Bridget Fonda discovers when Jennifer Jason Leigh starts dressing like her, kills her puppy and boyfriend, and generally acts in a mentally unbalance manner. So there you go.

Not that **SINGLE WHITE FEMALE** isn't effective in its own limited way. In fact, it's a ready made audience pleaser. Movies like this are almost anti-thrillers, because the audience know exactly what is going to happen. As soon as the puppy makes its tail-wagging entrance, we all know it's going to meet a sticky end, just as we all know that the little girl seen with her twin sister in the pre-credits is Leigh, and that her sister will have met an untimely death. But instead of making the film work less, this knowledge actually enhances the audience's pleasure, because they can anticipate those much loved moments. They know that there will be a battle royale between the two girls at the film's climax, and that Fonda will win, giving them the opportunity to shout and cheer (all these films are made for mass audiences - watching them alone on video just isn't the same). It's vacuous fluff, and that's all it needs to be. And it's well made enough. Of course, there's little character development, but Jennifer Jason Leigh is as delightful and marvellous as ever, and Bridget Fonda makes an appealing heroine. But this is candy floss cinema, nothing more, and you shouldn't waste your time or money unless you have far too much of both.

As a complete antidote to all this dark obsessiveness, you might like to catch what remains of the short season of films being presented at the Prince Charles Cinema in London by gay and lesbian film/video distributors **OUT On A Limb**. Although the first couple of films will have been and gone by the time you read this, there might be time for you to see what are probably the best two. Fassbinder's classic **QUERELLE**, featuring Brad Davis and Jeanne Moreau is shown on February 11th, and Monika Treut's **SEDUCTION: THE CRUEL WOMAN** (a steamy SM story that stars the mighty Udo Kier) is shown on the 25th, before finally getting a UK theatrical (and, later, video) release, some eight years late. Tickets for these showings are a mere £2.99. **OUT On A Limb** are also releasing

Treut's **FEMALE MISBEHAVIOUR**, which will premiere at the London Lesbian and Gay Film Festival in March. No more information on *that* event as we go to press, I'm afraid, so check with the NFT.

DAVID FLINT

NIGHTLIFE

Not much happens Up North when it comes to clubbing, unless you're tragic enough to want to go out raving on "E", or some equally retarded external stimulant. Things are looking up with the arrival of Glamour Pussy, though, who's once-a-month event in Leeds might just be the ticket given time. Their preChristmas bash was a hugely enjoyable event, but there's certainly room for improvement. Although organisers Scarlett and Jane have put a lot of effort into making the club a wild and sexy event, the crowd leave something to be desired, treating it as if it were just

another tedious disco. A strict dress code might help - cut out the jeans and T-shirts, and insist on fetishy, outrageous clothing only, and perhaps the punters will loosen up. As it was, they seemed terrified of venturing near the bed which sat in the middle of the stage (despite encouragement from myself and others...). It takes time, I guess. Things aren't helped by the fact that everything must finish at two in the morning in Leeds. Still, the girls have the right idea, and Northern readers should go along and show the rest how it's done! I'll be presenting some highly sleazy films there in January (and possibly later as well), so a great time is guaranteed for all. The event takes place on the third Wednesday of the month at The Warehouse, Somers Street, Leeds.

DAVID FLINT



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The latest in a long line of smart fetish catalogues (fast becoming collectors items in themselves), Tight Situation are a London company specialising in intimate erotic apparel trimmed with leather and satin.

Most stuff can be customised to order and particularly impressive is the brilliant belt/corset selection – a feast of D-rings, total restraint buckles and other dainty waist-wasping wonders. The artefacts come in your choice of PVC, leather or snakeskin and would look breathtaking over nylon or lycra bodystockings or plain old warm, pale flesh. But then again, what wouldn't?

Other interesting diversions are the gladiator jackets which expose one breast, and the cute shiny maids' aprons that go with the tray wristlets (a kind of small drinks serving tray which chains to the wearers wrist for ongoing serving duty subjugation!).

The photo standard isn't quite up to SKIN TWO but the interest quotient is nevertheless high. Pull in some slack at TIGHT SITUATION, P.O. Box 860, London SE12 0LL (tel: 081-8577146). The catalogue is £5.00.

RAYMOND CHARVER



EXHIBITIONS

In the heart of Amsterdam's legendary red light district can be found the Erotic Gallery. Looking at first sight like just another live sex show, this is in fact a fairly intriguing museum of sex and pornography that stretches over five floors.

As you enter, you are immediately struck by the mannequins posed in various sexual positions that are to be found throughout the gallery, but these turn out to be mere space fillers. The real meat is to be found in various display cabinets. On the ground floor, you can press a couple of buttons which will either cause a variety of vibrators to wiggle and jiggle, or else inflate a strange collection of novelty condoms to their full height. This might be a childish pleasure, but a pleasure it is, and invariably brings a large grin onto the face of every patron who tries it out.

The rest of the gallery features a mixture of old and new erotica – the most recent being a collage of material from Madonna's SEX. There are a series of postcards, showing both soft erotic nudes and hardcore couplings, assorted books on sexuality, John Lennon's erotic sketches, and a number of sculptures and paintings. One corner of the second floor is given over to a video installation, where customers can

sit on toadstool seats and watch a crudely amusing porn cartoon showing Bugs Bunny fucking native girls.

The third floor is a recreation of the red light district somewhat pointless, it seems, as you are already in the midst of it. The main amusement here are the telephones which play back – in the language of your choice – a rather steamy message from a pouting beauty who can't wait to get inside your trousers...or so she says.

Finally, the gallery offers an SM experience, which is pretty poor. Various mannequins in mid-flagellation and a few whips and chains don't seem to fully capture the essence of the activity, and I would have preferred to see a collection of SM art.

The Erotic Gallery is a pleasant diversion more than an essential stopping-off point. It does offer a brief respite from the chaotic hub-bub of the narrow streets outside, and is genuinely interesting and informative – although it desperately needs more captions. Many fascinating exhibits are annoyingly anonymous, without any explanation of their date, producer, nationality, etc. Still, such is the nature of much of this stuff, I suppose. In any case, at the paltry sum of 15 guilders (approx. £1.50), it's a worthwhile visit as you move from sex shop to sex show to bar. Find it at

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REVELATIONS

Earth Goddesses are easy!
easy and ripe, that is, for a good slugging.
Annie Sprinkle once played out her
reconstructed personality crises in the
cheesy swill of Old Age (as opposed to New
Age) porn-culture throughout the
unlashed Eighties. These days she's just
another red hot momma promoting her
crystal tips for the consciously-raised and
the sexually challenged.

Sure, her new film **SLUTS AND
GODDESSES** is explicit (with a
particularly memorable five minute
spurring female ejacumatic orgasm
sequence as Sprinkle gets herself
vigorously fisted by a pair of dyke
dervishes), but now the self-styled
"sexpert" and "transformation facilitator"
comes on like a full breasted FatSlag loving
awareness counsellor trying to assure your
care in the community courtesy of her cunt.

Shot on video, this all-girl short will
appeal to "carers" everywhere and
especially those whose sexual imaginations
take in Chinese sword play(?); body
initiations(?); sex magick makeup(?); wig
roles(?); and primal screaming and tantric
breathing.

Sprinkle is obviously a decent cove who's
been on the receiving end of a great deal of
pained feminist anger for her ongoing
exhibitionist lifestyle. And anyone who's
seen her amazing **LINDA/LES AND
ANNIE** movie in which she attempts to
fuck a female-to-male transsexual with a
sown-on cock that has all the consistency
and aesthetic potential of a soggy toilet roll,
will know her heart is often in the right
place. But **SLUTS AND GODDESSES** is
goo - post-feminist schmaltz cheaply
showing pink to new adherents in the girls-
own carens-sharers mode.

this is erotic aromotherapy for the cys. A
call to the gentle duties of the self, psycho-
babble for the new age fantasia, a collective
effort for softie femmes reeling from
Andrea Dworkin's beefy body blows. The
emphasis is squarely on "havca-nicc-day"
sex for feel-good feminists who are in
therapy overdrive. Irksome.

In between the scenes of positive thinking
techniques and multifarious breathing
exercise, Annie occasionally finds time to
go down on her girlfriends whilst making
sure their pussies are covered in clingfilm!!!
Is this the unacceptable face of safe sex?

From this film it sure feels like the revenge
of **THE JOY OF SEX** is upon us. Sexual
healing never felt so bad.

SAL VOLATILE

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UNDER THE BEDCLOTHES

More classic erotic writing examined by **Paul Buck**

Harriet Daimler was the foremost female writer for the Olympia Press with five books to her name: **DARLING, THE PLEASURE THIEVES** (with Henry Crannach), **INNOCENCE, THE ORGASIS** and **THE WOMAN THING**.

The "d.b.'s" by the expats in Paris were often semiautobiographical. Daimler, whose real name was Iris Owens, an American poet, is reputedly the model for Margo in Mason Hoffenberg's **SIN FOR BREAKFAST**, a novel constructed around the writing of porno novels for an Olympia Press-type publisher in which Trent learns how to twist the real into fiction by a female porno writer. Or, as she says: "Take an ordinary woman novelist, what does she do when a couple of her main characters go to bed with one another? She describes a couple of kisses, she mentions that the girl's 'soft bosom is heaving strongly' and that the man is looking at it and feeling 'intense desire' and then he takes her in his arms and that's it – the next thing you know, it's the following morning and they're getting up and the sun is shining. Well, the women who write like that have it easy. They skip the hard part – the true part. They don't say what the characters really felt and did. That girl with the 'strongly heaving bosom', her pussy was getting wet too; and the man with the 'intense desire', he had a big hard-on, and what they were about to do about it was going to be a hell of a lot more fun and more important than that little row of dots in the book would lead you to believe."

In **DARLING**, recently reprinted by Masquerade Books in one volume with **INNOCENCE**, Daimler holds back on nothing. Comparable only to Pauline Reage, Daimler triggers Grace's sexual awakening with a rape and then proceeds to pile on Grace's demand for brutal sexual abuse as she searches for her self, ploughing her way through a column of men, always explicit in her narration, until she finds her rapist and complexes with a climactic revenge.

The counter to **DARLING** is **THE WOMAN THING** (aka **WOMAN**) in which Martha, an American living in a rundown Parisian hotel with a Scotsman, spends her time fucking and talking, or more accurately, arguing, as she seeks to discover whether their relationship is based on love or sex. An in-joke in the novel would suggest Macdonald is based on

Trocchi, even though the Trocchi biography, **THE MAKING OF A MONSTER**, suggests that his relationship with Iris Owens was not sexual.

Daimler's strength lies in that she is more than a porno writer. She has created female characters who are real and strong. The critic Seymour Krim notes, regarding **WOMAN**: "It's one of the few books written by an American in which the man and woman actually like each other."

SODOM, OR THE QUINTESENCE OF DEBAUCHERY springs from the hand of one of Britain's earliest and most famous pornographers, the poet John Wilmot, the 2nd Earl of Rochester. Born in 1647, he lived a bawdy life of wine, women, song and pranks until his death thirty-three years later in 1680. At Court, Rochester was always one for horseplay, often at King Charles II's expense. Though frequently banished as a result, he was always recalled, for his wit and charm were indispensable.

SODOM is a satirical play on the King and his court. As sex psychologist Albert Ellis writes: "Within its skimpy acts and few pages there is crammed more unabashed sexuality than is included in many of the erotic classics."

SODOM is reported to have been performed before the Court, women included, allowing those present to speculate on whom the roles were modelled. The play itself revolves around King Bolloxinon of Sodom, who delights in sexual pleasure above all else. Upon his discovery of sodomy, he becomes well-served by Pockenello and Borastus, the buggermaster-general. Neglected, his wife, Queen Cutnigratia, seeks favours with Buggerranthos, while the Prince and Princess, Pricket and Swivia, amuse themselves. Others at hand include Fuckadilla, Cunticula, Ciytoris and Vertuoso, the dildo-maker.

As Peter Webb summarises in his excellent **EROTIC ARTS**: "the play ends with the Queen having died of a surfeit of sex and dildoes, the Prince with syphilis, the Princess out of her mind, and the king – leaning on his faithful Pockenello shouting defiance to an army of fiery demons."

Henry Miller was one of the ground-breakers in the liberation of sexual writings in our age. More recently the coin flipped and he became the butt of feminist criticisms. Even if one was to reduce the

wealth of his writings to the famous sexual fictions, Miller would not just be the pornographer that attackers claim.

The books most cited begin with **TROPIC OF CANCER**, based on his early life in New York, published 1934 in Paris by Obelisk Press. Its companions are **TROPIC OF CAPRICORN** and **BLACK SPRING**. Equally famous is the trilogy called **THE ROSY CRUCIFIXION**, comprising **SEXUS**, **PLEXUS** and **NEXUS**. Though these books feature one particular part of Miller's body – namely his penis, which hasn't a brain in its bald head, as he tells us – Miller as a writer does have a brain. His work is ultimately about the search for truth, not one lived in a room or an arty setting, but one lived in the everyday. Miller pursued this search with honesty, intending to enjoy life fully in the process. Thus his writings are filled with ponderings and philosophising, even as he engaged in sexual adventures, his style far from the blandness of the usual pornographic fictions.

Born in 1891 of German ancestry, Miller was brought up in Brooklyn, New York, where he worked for some years before leaving for Paris to become a writer. During the Second World War he returned to America. Finding himself short of cash, friends and living accommodations, he befriended a second-hand bookseller, Milton Luboviski, who had a sideline supplying pornography to Hollywood's producers, writers and directors. This relationship led Miller to pen a work that only came to light after his death in 1980, a book called **OPUS PISTORUM**. Miller was paid by the page, forfeiting all rights to the work. This is classic Miller, showing that even when his fertile imagination was concocting sexual fantasies, there was always room for a grounding in life itself. The day Miller arrived with the final batch of pages, he told Luboviski that he had a title for the collection, **OPUS PISTORUM**, which translated from the latin means "the work of the miller".

Information has recently come this way to suggest that Miller was not in fact the author, but that **OPUS PISTORUM** was written by American magazine writer Robert Sewall, a friend of the celebrated writer of sexual works, Gaston Legman. The early stories were written by two women, Caresse Crosby and an artist, Virginie Admiral, both members of Anaïs Nin's erotic writing team.

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THESE ARE THE TESTIMONIALS OF THE HUMAN CONDITION

The **MURDER** double 7" set is currently sold out, but we will be restocking Spring '93. Advance orders are being taken now. Price £6.50 (Europe add £1.00 postage, elsewhere add £2.00).

Make all cheques, postal orders etc payable to **DIVINE PRESS**. No foreign cheques will be accepted - pay by Eurocheque, I.M.O., UK sterling cash or US dollars cash. Always send cash by registered post, and take care to secure and hide any coins. We will fulfill orders as quickly as possible, but are sometimes delayed by stock selling out and other assorted pressures. Please allow 28 days before complaining vigorously. The **DIVINE PRESS** range of products are unsuitable for minors, and an age statement is required with ALL orders.

Send SAE/IRC to be kept in touch with future Divine product.



INSIDE:

**MADONNA
PAUL MAYERSBERG
BOYD RICE
FETISH FASHION
SADO-CINEMA**

